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QUEBEC.—EARLY MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.
SCENE IN THE FIELDS AROUND MARTELLO TOWER NO. 3.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

June 12th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 73°	53°	63°	Mon.. 67°	51°	59°
Tues.. 74°	54°	64°	Tues.. 71°	51°	61°
Wed.. 68°	48°	58°	Wed.. 66°	61°	63°
Thur.. 74°	48°	61°	Thur.. 64°	56°	60°
Fri... 74°	48°	61°	Fri... 69°	55°	62°
Sat... 73°	53°	63°	Sat... 68°	58°	63°
Sun... 71°	50°	60°	Sun... 70°	53°	61°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 18th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

QUEBEC is suffering once more from her periodical scourge of fire. This time the blow has been more severe than usual, and we are not without hopes that it may awaken the city to a sense of its own shortcomings in the matter, which will go far to prevent a similar calamity in future. As before, the main complaint has been the want of water. So small is the water supply conducted into the city that throughout the day the wards have to be supplied one at a time, leaving almost every portion of the city entirely without water during several hours of the day. It is needless to point out the shortcomings of such a system. By the light of her burning houses Quebec may read the lesson which the press throughout the country would do well to insist on. There are sanitary reasons which should of themselves be sufficient to stir the Council to action, but the fire-king is a more energetic special pleader, or at least one who is more readily heard. Meanwhile all sympathy is due to the sufferers, by whosesoever fault they have been bereft of house and home, and it is gratifying to see that generous hands have been extended from all sides to raise them up out of their trouble and despair.

MONTREAL has lost a valuable citizen in Mr. JOSEPH MACKAY, whose death took place on the 2nd instant. Besides a reputation for upright and honourable dealings, which has ever been associated with his name in business, Mr. MACKAY will yet be remembered most tenderly for his wide-spreading charity, and his interest in educational matters. There is scarcely a charity in Montreal which does not owe a debt of gratitude to his memory, while the Presbyterian Church lose in him a warm and constant supporter both of their Home and Foreign Mission work. Next week we hope to present our readers with a portrait of this esteemed benefactor of our city, and shall reserve till then a fuller account of his life and labours.

THE recent production of the "Edipus Tyrannus" in the original Greek at Harvard has been criticized as well by scholars as by the great unlearned. But the most curious criticism is that of the *Home Journal*, based upon the remarks of a modern Greek, "who happened to be at the

theatre," upon the pronunciation used. The Hellene in question was distressed at being unable to follow the lines, or to understand them without his "libretto" (a somewhat curious term by the way), and commenting upon this the *Home Journal* sagely moralizes to this effect: "It is surprising that Professor Sophocles should follow at Harvard the Erasmian system of pronouncing Greek, instead of teaching the language as it is spoken in Greece." We will be charitable enough to suppose that the learned critic is following out in the allusion to "Professor Sophocles" some mysterious metaphor more intelligible to himself than to us, and that he does not really imagine that the author of the "Edipus" holds a chair of dramatic poetry at Harvard, as his words seem to imply. But the conclusion. Shades of Prometheus! Would you hear Shakespeare spoken with a Tipperary brogue, or select a Down-Easter to give the key of the pronunciation of Milton? Would you pick out a *lazaretto* from the slums of Naples to teach you how to read Dante? or visit *Beauport* in search of the true Parisian accent. And yet the English of "Paddy from Cork," or the French of the *habitant* are classic in comparison with the debasement of modern Greek. A language that has dropped its inflexions for the most part, and entirely lost the significance of its accents, that for pure laziness ignores terminations almost entirely in conversation, a language which has ceased to have any literature of its own, and retains hardly sufficient vitality for correspondence, is surely not exactly the model we should select to guide us in our study of the noble tongue of which it is the bastard progeny. The Greek of to-day is soft and sensuous to the ear. It had another ring in the ears of Sophocles, else surely the "Edipus" had never been written. This is not to say of course that we have or can have any correct idea of the real method of pronouncing Greek; we can only reason in these matters by analogy, and the evidence in favour of this or that system is fragmentary and unsatisfactory; moreover, the exact influence of the accents on the pronunciation has ever been a *crux*, and so far as we can see, ever will be. But one thing is certain, scholars will never confound modern and classic Greek simply because they bear the same name, and if the Greek of Harvard puzzled the *Home Journal's* Hellenic acquaintance, it is safe to suppose that his own rendering would have staggered "Professor" Sophocles himself.

ANOTHER question which is raised by the last paragraph of this notice will probably have more interest for scholars than for the public at large. Can the pronunciation of Greek as at present taught in the majority of our colleges, be referred in any sense to Erasmus. Erasmus himself of course studied Greek at Oxford under Grocyn, who may probably be most correctly described as the founder of the New Learning, as it was called; but Grocyn drank at the Pierian fount in the groves of Florence, whither scholars flocked from all parts to sit under the *Greek exiles* who had taken refuge there. If anything may be predicted with certainty about this period, it should surely be that Grocyn took home to England the Greek traditions of the day, as to pronunciation as well as syntax, and that he taught his Oxford pupils as Chalcondylas had taught himself. Perhaps some scholar will come to our rescue on this point. We speak ourselves in ignorance. Will any one tell us what the Erasmian system of pronunciation, properly so-called, is? Is it synonymous with the method generally known as the "English method?" or does it not more properly apply to the Edinburgh principles, so ably advocated by Professor Blackie?

A WRITER in *Harper's Bazar* is the latest authority upon manners. Proceeding from an animadversion upon the de-

fective behaviour of the Americans at the dinner-table, the article tells us what to do and what to avoid, according to the latest *chic*, presumably, of Paris and London. Upon this presumption it is some what startling to find that the objection which we had supposed still obtained as to the breaking of an egg into the glass instead of using an egg-cup, is classed as "one of the thousand little laws which our fathers regarded as important, which we have forgotten," and the observance of which "brought about an awkwardness." Shall we confess that it is a law we have not forgotten ourselves as yet, and that we should have said that the awkwardness was rather with the man who mixed up his egg American fashion. It seems we were wrong. Is it possible, too, that we have all along been under a wrong impression as to the privilege which we might have claimed, according to the *Bazar*, of using our fingers, which everybody knows were made before forks, in the consumption of certain articles of food. Olives, *par exemple*, we had been wont to wash in sherry, and should have hesitated to plunge our fingers into the wine-glass for the purpose of conveying them to our mouth. And cheese—O, ye gods!—is there not a sufficient reason for declining to eat cheese with the fingers—or has the writer in question no nose? We are fully aware of our temerity in thus presuming to criticize so grave an authority, but we should be loth to think that the extra twopence, which in our school-days we paid for manners, had been so entirely thrown away in the ignorance at which we have arrived to-day. For Brutus says we are—to eat cheese with our fingers! "and Brutus is an honourable man!"

A WRITER in the *Spectator*, who signs himself "Infidel," is at some pains to prove that Infidelity and Atheism are not synonymous terms. His opening sentence deprecates the necessity he is under of doing, what in the present age "would seem almost superfluous." With regard to this statement it can hardly be considered *superfluous* to attempt to disprove what rests on the authority of the latest philological research. Webster's new dictionary gives Atheism most uncompromisingly as a synonym for Infidelity, from which it is evident that "Infidel's" words have at least a *raison d'être*. But, while granting that in spite of Webster it is possible to conceive of an Infidel who is yet not an Atheist in the ordinary sense of the word, we must yet take exception at once to his own definition of the term, which he considers may be fairly defined as "unbelief on the tenets of any particular form of religion." The only arguments he puts forward in favour of this view are the assertions that Roman Catholics call Protestants "infidels and heretics," (which merely proves that those who use such language do not understand the courtesies of debate) and that a Mahomedan regards all Christians as "Dogs of Infidels," which statement appears to us to show a remarkable intuition on the part of the writer. It is no proof of the meaning of a word to instance its use in controversial vituperation, and our critic does not give us the original of the Mahomedan expression, which may bear, perhaps, rendering by some other word, and is, to say the least of it, extremely rude. With regard to the expression "Infidels and heretics," the words are certainly distinguished in the service of the Church of England and applied to different persons. With these exceptions, "Infidel" has not attempted to bring any proof whatever in support of his new definition. To go back to Webster; "An Infidel, in common usage, is one who denies Christianity and the truth of the Scriptures." A definition which will hold water until some one makes a bigger hole in it than the *Spectator's* correspondent has succeeded in doing. One word more. What, oh, what is "Athodoxy?" and is the Infidel or the proof-reader of the *Spectator* responsible for so remarkable an addition to our literature,

THE STATUE OF COL. DE SALABERRY AT CHAMBLY.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., a large concourse of people assembled at Chambly to witness the unveiling by the Governor-General of the statue which has been erected by public subscription in that village to the hero of Chateauguay. The assemblage was mostly French and the proceedings were conducted entirely in that language, but there was a fair sprinkling of the English-speaking population who united to do honour to our national hero. The statue stands within sight of the station on a triangle of ground which is dignified by the name of "Frechette Park." The main road divides at this point, one branch leading to Longueuil and the other to St. Lambert. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say much about the appearance of the monument as it has been already noticed. It is a very creditable specimen of Canadian art and in its present position on a substantial limestone pedestal has a very fine appearance. Mr. L. P. Hebert, the sculptor, was present and must have felt no little pride in the important part he played in the day's proceedings. On the right of the monument a raised dais decorated with Union Jacks and various heraldic bearings, had been erected. At the points where the roads passed by the statue, they were adorned by arches constructed of maple and evergreens and bearings the inscriptions on the one side "Un contre trente," and on the other, "Et vainqueur." The arms of almost all the cities in the Dominion appeared on the arches throughout the village, which were numerous, tastefully arranged and inscribed with various mottoes appropriate to the occasion. One arch we are glad to notice bore the inscription "Bienvenue a la Presse." This honour which is not too frequently conferred was, we feel sure, duly appreciated.

The Governor-General, who arrived by the steamer *Sorel* about two o'clock, and was received by the customary Guard of Honour of the 65th. His Excellency was accompanied from Sorel to Chambly by Colonel and Mrs. DeSalaberry, and others, and on his landing was presented with an address by the Mayor and Council of Sorel.

The vice-regal party then took carriages, and followed by a large number of private vehicles, drove through the village to the old Fort, in which His Excellency appeared much interested. Thence to the rapids and so on to Richelieu village. From this they returned to the statue, passing *en route* through the ranks of the 65th, who were drawn up on either side of the road near the bridge, their band playing "The Campbells are Coming."

The procession having arrived at the monument, the vice-regal party ascended the platform erected by its side, and the ceremony of the inauguration proper commenced. Mr. Dion having made a few preliminary remarks, Dr. Martel presented the address of the Monument Committee to which the Marquis replied by reading in French the reply which has already been given in the daily papers.

The reply concluded, His Excellency, amid great cheering, drew away the flags which had hitherto covered the statue. The Battery saluted, the Rifles fired a *feu de joie*, the band played patriotic airs, and the unveiling was completed.

Col. Harwood then delivered a patriotic and stirring address, and Mr. J. O. Dion having spoken at some length of the work of the memorial committee in a business point of view, the inauguration was brought to a close, and the assemblage dispersed, the crowd veering towards the quay to witness the departure of the vice-regal party. His Excellency walked to the steamer which, with the same party on board, left at about 5 o'clock. In response to hearty cheering, His Excellency bowed his acknowledgments from the deck until the *Sorel* was some distance from land.

After the departure of the Governor-General, a banquet took place in the old military barracks to which about one hundred and fifty sat down. Speeches were made by the Mayor and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, also by MM. Mousseau, Prefontaine and Mercier, the latter concluding by reading the beautiful lines written in honour of the occasion by the Laureate, Dr. L. H. Frechette. In this number we give an engraving of the statue itself, and a page of sketches taken at Chambly by our special artist.

THE GREAT FIRE IN QUEBEC.

One of the most destructive fires with which this unfortunate city has been afflicted, commenced on the night of the 8th inst., and was only got under control at 6 a.m. The origin of the fire was in a stable on St. Olivier, near St. Marie street. The flames immediately spread to the surrounding wooden buildings and to the streets above and below. St. Olivier, Latour-elle, St. Marie and Richelieu streets were quickly a mass of fire for some hundred feet of each in extent, the flames from both sides of the street overlapping in the middle, and completely closing them to all traffic. The scenes common to all great fires were readily discernible at this stage. Even the police and firemen were, to a great extent, demoralized. Daring robbery was carried on freely in the full sight of everybody. Liquor stores and private dwellings attacked by the flames were ransacked for liquor, which was openly drunk by the specimens of the lowest dregs of society, who are common to the

locality in question, and who frequent the low hovels, whose destruction is one of the least regrettable features of the disaster. The rush of cold air caused by the rapid spread and large volume of the flames seemed to divide the wind into local currents, which scattered the fire around in every direction. The brigade found it quite unmanageable. They allege that four wooden houses were found on fire by them when they arrived upon the scene, and that, with the water absent and unattainable for some twenty minutes, it was impossible for them to obtain the mastery over it.

The most important building destroyed by the fire was the church of St. Jean Baptiste, which caught fire about 1 o'clock, and in spite of all efforts was entirely gutted, the walls themselves which the fire left standing, being calcined and crumbling at the touch. The church was worth at least \$100,000 with an insurance of only \$63,000.

On the lower field, where most of the burnt-out people had camped with their saved goods, the fire, as if jealous that anything should escape its greed, followed the unfortunate people and burnt up most of the goods piled on the grass; burning shingles fell over the city, and as far out as Maple Avenue, during the night, endangering every part of the town. Several incipient fires in different streets were reported, but were suppressed by the vigilance of the occupiers. It is computed there will be a loss of two million dollars between buildings, stock, and furniture. Over 1,500 families are rendered homeless by the conflagration; at least 800 buildings have been destroyed.

The total loss is otherwise estimated at \$1,500,000, and insurance will cover about \$650,000 of that sum. The City Engineer estimates the number of houses destroyed at about 600. He bases his estimate on the fact that 567 properties on the Cadastral plan of the city were burned, and to these he adds 35 houses on double lots, making the 600.

A retrospective and calm review of the fire shows it to be primarily due to the want of water. The city is supplied with only one main pipe from its source of water supply, ten miles distant, at Lorette. This supply is so inefficient that when the city water is turned on in one ward it must be turned off in other wards. A delay always thus occurs when fire breaks out in a ward having no water at the time. The numerical strength of the brigade is also so weak that as soon as the flames commence to get beyond their control they lose all self-possession and method in their work. So far, only three bodies have been recovered, those of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Marois. Only their dry baked bones were picked up, and these were at once laid in different boxes and taken possession of by the Coroner.

Our special artist was despatched as soon as possible to the scene of the calamity and the result of his efforts is seen in the present number. On the double-page in the centre we reproduce from his sketches a view of the city, as well as of the principal places of interest in the fire. We also give a small map shewing the exact district destroyed by the conflagration, which will be found in the main view on the right of the drawing. The front page gives an illustration of the scene at dawn on the day following the outbreak of the fire. The unhappy people who had taken refuge in the fields were compelled to remove their furniture before the flames which followed them close and in many instances succeeded in destroying the goods which had once been snatched from their fury.

THE ADDITION TO THE MONTREAL PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new buildings donated by Mr. David Morrice to the Presbyterian College took place on the 7th inst., in the presence of a select party of friends. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Professor Campbell, after which Mr. J. Stirling, Secretary of the College Board, then stated that an urn had been placed beneath the corner stone, containing amongst other interesting things a copy of the revised New Testament, a narrative of the rise and progress of the college, minutes of the proceedings of the general assembly of the Presbyterian College for 1880, calendars of the College, newspapers of the city, the *Gazette*, *Star*, *Herald*, *Witness*, *Presbyterian Record* and several other periodicals, together with several British, American and Canadian coins. Rev. Principal MacVicar then briefly explained the object for which they had met, and called on Mrs. Morrice to lay the corner stone, at the same time handing her a silver trowel, chastely ornamented, but without inscription. The stone was then swung into position on the north-west corner of the building and carefully lowered to its bed. Mrs. Morrice then advanced and gave the stone three taps with the trowel, and Mr. Morrice, speaking for her, declared the corner stone duly laid.

The Presbyterian College of Montreal was incorporated by charter, and commenced operations in 1867, but the present buildings were not opened for use until the fall of 1873. The College has been very successful in its efforts, and has now about 70 pupils, 30 of whom are accommodated with rooms in the existing building, and it is hoped the new building will contain enough dormitories for the use of the entire class.

In December last, Mr. David Morrice made an offer to erect the addition to the College, which is to bear his name, at his sole expense. The

new wing, which is estimated to cost about \$60,000, will contain a Convocation Hall, Dining Hall, and dormitories for the students, and will when completed be a notable addition to the architectural features of our city. Two views of the whole building with the addition are given on another page of this issue.

In connection with Mr. Morrice's donation, we may mention that Mrs. John Redpath has further given the sum of \$20,000 towards the endowment of a chair at the College, to be called after her late husband, while Mr. Edward MacKay has promised to endow fully a second chair to the amount of about \$50,000.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The following description with the illustration on our back page is taken from the *Illustrated London News*. We have, on former occasions, described and illustrated the customs of Chinese Weddings, both in private life, and in the illustrious instance of the reigning Emperor; our Special Artist, Mr. W. Sippson, having gone all the way from London to Peking, as he relates in his pleasant volume, "Meeting the Sun," to furnish Sketches of the Imperial nuptial ceremonies, eight or nine years ago. A lady there who remembers his visit, Mrs. Albert Pirakis, of the British Legation, has now favoured us with an acceptable token of remembrance, which is engraved for the present publication. It is a pen-and-ink sketch of a marriage celebrated in the chapel of that Legation on Feb. 1, not according to Chinese rites of course, but with those of the Church of England, conducted by the Chaplain in the regular form. The peculiarity and novelty of the scene lay in the fact that the bride and bridegroom, and the bridesmaid, wore the Chinese dress, though English Christians, being indeed members of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Turner and Miss Crickmay, the happy couple of this occasion, with a lady friend of Miss Crickmay, had traveled all the way from Shan-Si, sixteen days' journey, in the depth of winter, to be married at Peking. The costume in which they appeared, as shown in our illustration, is that of Southern China. The bride wore a jacket of pale blue satin brocade, and under-skirt of dark satin, embroidered with blue flowers. The bridesmaid had a dark blue jacket, and dark red satin skirt, also embroidered with flowers. The bridegroom, Mr. Turner, in prune-coloured jacket and blue petticoat, with pig-tail, Chinese cap, and Chinese shoes, was a curious contrast to his groomsmen, who wore the ordinary English dress.

IRVING AS DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

It is a striking coincidence that the first, certainly one of the very first, most celebrated works of our *belles-lettres* literature, or, as a recent critic calls it, pure literature, should have immediately followed an eloquent prophecy of its coming. On the 31st of August, 1809, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, one of the most eloquent orators, accomplished scholars, and charming men of his time, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College. His subject was the dangers and duties of men of letters; and, after describing the intellectual disturbance and, as he thought, the malign influence upon literature of the French Revolution, he says: "The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation—the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness—have not yet shown themselves to the world. But, if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor, and to meditate a bolder flight; and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track."

This was on the 31st of August, 1809; and on the 9th of October following a notice appeared in the *Evening Post*, headed "Distressing," and stating that "an elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker," had disappeared from his lodgings; and "printers of newspapers" were informed that they would be aiding the cause of humanity if they should insert the notice. This was the preliminary touch to arouse public interest—or what the printers of newspapers to-day would call an advertising dodge—which preceded the appearance of the history. On November 6 "A Traveller" wrote to the *Post* that a person answering the description had been seen resting by the road-side a little above Kingsbridge, on the Albany road; and on the 16th of November the imaginary landlord of "the Independent Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street," wrote that nothing had been heard of the old gentleman, but that a queer manuscript book had been found in his room, which the landlord said he would be obliged to dispose of to settle his account. On the 28th of November, Inskeep and Bradford, 128 Broadway, announced that they would shortly publish the work found in Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker's room, and called a "History of New York," in two volumes, duodecimo, price three dollars; and on December 6, 1809, it was published. That this was the kind of bolder flight of American literary genius which Mr. Buckminster anticipated is improbable. But it is none the less a singular verification of his anticipation, for it was a distinctively American work, and of a quality which has given it a permanent place in our literature. It was followed, ten years afterward, by Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which seemed

to Mr. R. H. Dana, to whom it was offered for the *North American Review*—then more properly a magazine—to be so different from any strain of the American Muse that it could not have been written in this country.

Those who remember Irving as he appeared in New York in his later days must often have recalled this preliminary notice of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Irving was as quaint a figure. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with "low-quartered" shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment that hung from the shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writings. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humour of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism. One day the Easy Chair met him at his publisher's, the elder Putnam, in Park Place, when *Puissant's Monthly* was just beginning. Irving was very gay and cheerful, full of encouragement, and said, with his twinkling eye and piping voice, "But we old ones had the advantage of you; there are so many of you clever young fellows that you trip each other up." Like Longfellow in the later day, Irving had always the warmest word of cheer and sympathy for every younger brother or sister in letters.—*Harper.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

A MISUSED WORD.—Economy is an abused word. Most people think of it as a saving of money, as though to be economical was certain, in a sense, to be stingy or mean. Now, economy, in its true interpretation, is the art of management—is the wise adaptation by which we arrange time, health and strength so as to produce the best results.

HOW TO KNOW YOUR FRIEND.—A miserly old earl had fallen heir to an estate worth some thousands of pounds. Being always reputed poor, his relations looked askance at him. Unaware of his altered circumstances, he tried the following ruse to know who were his friends. At the beginning of a hard winter old skinflint applied to his relations individually for a little assistance to tide him over the winter. Only one, a niece, a poor teacher, responded by sending five pounds of her hard earned pittance, with a promise of more when her salary became due. Shortly thereafter the old man sickened and died, and to the astonishment and chagrin of his host of relations he bequeathed to the poor teacher, whose heart was in its right place, his whole estate, amounting in all to twenty thousand pounds.

MAKING MONEY.—Why some men are so eager to make money is a problem; they certainly do not spend it freely. They care nothing for the good things of life. They seem to value money for its own sake. Most men start in life with a bright object before them, the means of attaining which is money, and so they resolve to make money. But the means push the end out of sight. A new fascination springs up, which banishes the younger dream. The real pushes the ideal from its seat. Money acquires, or seems to acquire, a value of its own; it becomes both means and end, and making it grows into a habit seldom lost. The proverb says that "Use is second nature," and it is fully proved, when the natural desire of men for happiness is obliterated by the habit of making money.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—It is true that many things are suitable for manhood that are not for childhood; but this is not the case with mental and moral qualities. If it were, there could be no such thing as consistent preparation for a good and useful life. Every quality that the men or woman needs is incipient in the child, and needs development and exercise. Our part in his training is not to cherish in him simply what is most attractive to ourselves, or what feeds our own and his vanity, but rather to study his future needs and to help him to supply what is most lacking. It is where he is deficient, not where he excels, that our earnest efforts are demanded. Not until parents realize this so fully as to identify with it their highest interest and pleasure in their charges will promising children fulfil their promises, and the question no longer be asked, "What has become of them?"

NO TIME TO READ.—The woman who "has no time to read" generally has no inclination to do so. The true book lover will make time. I once knew one of these women who never took a book into her hands because they are too busy. She spent days in ruffling, tucking, and embroidering, and had no spare moments in which to inform herself of the most ordinary topics of the day. I doubt if she knew how some of the most common words were spelled, judging from her pronunciation of them. In speaking of her lace curtains she invariably called them "curtings;" and once we asked her if she intended to remain in the city through the summer, and she replied, "Certainly not; we shall go the mountings in August." She had very fine taste in the matters of dress, and was called "very stylish;" but if she had spent part of the time in reading and study which she had devoted to dress, what a different influence she might have exerted upon

her children, as well as upon the society in which she moved. But the mistaken woman thought it of more importance to adorn the person than improve the mind. Cultivate a habit of reading if you have it not. We all need a little mental food daily. We need it as we need air, sunshine, sleep, and food. How refreshing to be able to lose ourselves, even for a short time, in the page before us. Let a volume lay beside your work basket, and if you have five minutes to spare, improve them by a peep at its contents.

FOOT NOTES.

If revolvers have been considered a necessary armament by the shop-boys of the West of Ireland of late, it has been demonstrated in at least one instance, says the *World*, that among the upper classes the education of fire-eaters has been suffered to decline. The following practical method of teaching the use of the revolver was adopted by an old and faithful servant, his pupil not being given to the use of arms. Having placed the loaded pistol in the hands of his young master, old Martin stooped behind a wall twenty paces distant; then, jumping up he cried, "Now, Master Tom, one, two, three—fire!"—disappearing before "Master Tom" had succeeded in covering him. After a week's practice, a bullet through Martin's hat showed what improvement had taken place in his young master's shooting. "Well done, Master Tom!" cried Martin. "Thry again; an' if ye can get up the hand a little quicker, maybe ye might take me in the shoulder."

WHEN Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish door-keeper of the White House, Washington, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and secretary, Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average about once a week; but, on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the old General. Once however Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and after being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators say about you, it's little I'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out, and go back to your duty; but be more careful!" Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but was with him to the day of his death.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A RENEWAL of outrages on the Jews is threatened in Austria.

NEARLY 18,000 immigrants arrived at New York last week.

THE Irish authorities have prohibited the holding of a meeting at Mullingar.

LORD CARNARVON holds Mr. Gladstone's Government responsible for the Irish rebellion.

LORD JUSTICE JAMES, of the English Court of Appeals in Chancery, died recently.

THE coronation of the Czar has been again deferred on account of the unsettled state of affairs in Russia.

A LONDON cable states that England and Russia have agreed to remain neutral should civil war break out in Afghanistan.

A TUNIS despatch says the native tribes are giving in their submission, and military operations have been suspended.

THE Irish Executive have issued a circular to the inspectors requiring them to protect those engaged in land sales and writ executions.

THE London police are being drilled in the use of the revolver, as a precaution against sudden Fenian movements in the metropolis.

PRINCES GORTSCHAKOFF and Bismarck have had a long interview recently, at which guarantees of peace between the two Governments were settled.

A LONDON cable says the British steamship *Glen Logan*, from New York for Para, was burned at sea. The crew and passengers made Fortaleza in safety.

News from Ireland is very disquieting. The condition of affairs there is said to be little short of civil war. The news of Father Murphy's arrest caused great excitement.

THE PROGRESS OF A COUGH.—The following may be indicated as the progress of a cough in the absence of an efficient check of the lung-destroying malady: First, a cold is contracted, the throat becomes inflamed, and the irritation causes a spasmodic contraction and dilation of the lungs, accompanied with a dull or rattling sound in the throat. This daily increases in violence, and as it does, aggravates the bronchial irritation until the lungs become seriously affected. Then abscesses or incipient sores form upon their tissue, which rapidly develop into the fatal tubercles of consumption which eat into and destroy the lungs. Who would knowingly incur such peril as this? The surest way of averting it is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a pulmonic which at the same time checks the progress of throat and lung irritation, and gives strength to those debilitated by a cough. Sold by all druggists.



1. Amusements by the way.—2. The arrival of the Governor-General at Chambly.—3. The banquet in the old military barracks.—4. The old fort, Chambly.—5. Departure of the *Sorel* with the Governor-General and suite.
THE INAUGURATION OF THE DE SALABERRY STATUE AT CHAMBLY.—FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE STATUE OF COL. DE SALABERRY, THE HERO OF CHATEAUGUAY, RECENTLY INAUGURATED AT CHAMBLY.

MY MARGUERITE.

[A vacation idyl, written in the Botanical Gardens at Hamburg, Germany.]

I roam afar—she still is near;
In every flower methinks I see her.
Yon patch of sky so deeply blue,
Reflects but her orbs' brighter hue.
Ah! blessed me! Tall tree above,
Bend o'er me now
Thy fragrant bough
And shut me in with all my love!
Earth, thou art fair,
Yet I declare
The lime-tree breathes not scent so sweet
As memory of my Marguerite!

The lakelet sleeps so quiet by
It seems another cloudless sky;
And there, adown the marble steps,
Her face is imaged in its depths—
What art thou thinking, oh! my fair!
Sit'st thou apart
With thy lone heart,
And is my image mirrored there?
What ecstasy, if I but knew
That thou art dreaming of me too!—
Oh were I kneeling at thy feet,
My own, my sweet,
My Marguerite!

Old ocean cannot, will not tear
The dearer west
From out my breast.
To love the loved is everywhere,
For, as the shores clasp 'neath the river,
Twin souls that love meet mid way ever;
And till my heart hath ceased to beat,
In every clime,
Throughout all time,
These accents will my lips repeat—
Oh, she is fair! Oh, she is sweet!
None knows how sweet,
My Marguerite!

The Professor's Darling.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

CHAPTER XXIV.*

Madame Muller looked over every morning's invitations, and told her which to accept and which to decline.

"Why am I not to go to such a place, Madame Muller?" she would sometimes ask. "I have seen the Countess Von M. in the theatre and other places. She looks very nice."

"She is a very handsome lady," Madame Muller would answer; but I shall decline her invitation for you."

"Very well," Stannie would answer, and forget about it the next minute. She never resisted the wishes of those whom she considered as being in authority over her. She acquiesced so willingly and pleasantly that those who did not know her might have been tempted to say that she possessed but little character of her own.

Such an assertion would have been very wide of the mark.

Underlying all her placid gentleness was a will as strong as iron, which would bend to no one.

Her life had been so smooth hitherto in its flow, that it had rarely been called into exercise, but it was there all the same.

One afternoon, nearly three weeks after her return to Wirtstadt, Stannie was sitting alone, when the door was burst violently open, and a lady muffled to the very eyes in furs, for the weather was bitterly cold, rushed in, and embraced her with remarkable fervour.

"Lotty, is it really you?" cried Stannie.

"It really is," answered the Countess, giving her another hug. "I am a pretty evident fact, am I not?"

"When did you come?"

"Yesterday; and have been dying to embrace you ever since; but that old Richter got hold of us, and insisted that we must go to the theatre, and see you there first. They almost had to tie me with ropes; but I was prevailed upon to wait until to-day."

"Is the Count Von Geoler here?"

"Yes; he and Madame Berg will be along directly. I left them in Gordon's hotel."

"Were you all at the theatre last night?"

"Ja, mein fraulein."

"Why don't you talk English, Countess?"

"Why don't you talk Chinese? Because you can't, that's just the reason. I can't; I am not English any longer. I am Austrian now, but I'll speak anything you like, dear. Yes, we were at the theatre. Did you not remark a very handsome lady in the Princess' of D—'s box? No? Well, that lady was your humble admirer. Oh, Stannie, you looked like an angel; and, bless me, how you act! You will be a second Rachel some day. I never saw such a Marguerite before, and I've seen 'Faust' at least twenty times. I was so excited, that if the Princess hadn't held me back, I think I should have jumped clear on to the stage and hugged you. I threw a bouquet at you. It hit you fair on the nose. Wasn't it splendid? I was so delighted!"

"Oh, did you throw that one; there it is, in that blue vase. No, it wasn't charming. You almost took my breath away. I wish I had seen you; but I never look up at the Princess' of D—'s box. Where are you all staying?"

"There. Her husband is the Austrian Ambassador, and one of Herr von Berg's countless cousins. They count their cousins by the hundred in this enlightened country. There is to be a tremendous affair of a ball there three weeks hence. You are coming. There will be Grand

Dukes and Serene Highnesses by the ton. I offered to bring your card, but the Princess turned pale gray at the suggestion. A fat man, trimmed with gold lace, will hand it in with all proper solemnity. Of course, you'll come. I hear that you are a perfect butterfly of fashion. Oh, Stannie, what would Mrs. Mactavish say? Gordon tells me those red-headed girls are married. You look just the same, love. You haven't changed a bit since the day when I swooped down upon you in St. Breeda."

"Neither have you, Lotty. Somehow I expected that you would be different."

"Do you not perceive an increase of dignity?" asked the Countess, gravely.

"No. Are you trying to acquire it?"

"Acquire it! You have crushed me completely. I thought that I was the very personification of imposing dignity. Well, I shall have to give it up, I see. What a nice room this is! Have you been killing all the tigers in the Zoo for the sake of their skins?"

"Yes; it's a cozy enough room. Do you wish me to come to this ball?"

"You are coming. Put on a pretty dress, a pale green satin, with a lace overskirt—Brussels, say."

"I haven't a dress like that," objected Stannie.

"Get one, then," said Lotty, who evidently had not grown economical since her marriage. "Oh, I must tell you about a present that papa and Gordon gave Heinrich and me the other day. They had been consulting what they should do with the money which would have been Elma's portion if she had lived. Papa wished to give it to Gordon, but he proposed investing it for Alice and myself, and said that he knew of a capital investment for my share. Papa asked what in? His mind at once flew off to stocks and mortgages, and all that kind of stuff. Gordon said he knew that a part of Heinrich's old estate was in the market again. Wouldn't it be a good thing to buy it back for us? Well, he wrote at once to Herr von Berg, and told him to buy it at any price. He would pay the extra money himself. Isn't he a good, liberal brother? The addition to the property makes it quite a large one again; at least, large for this country. I feel, though, as if I had got it from Elma more than them. Poor little dumb Elma! Some person, I don't know who, has said that if anyone who had been dead one year were to come back to earth and to the home which had once been theirs, they would find no welcome awaiting them. Their place would be completely filled up, and the hearts which once had beat in unison with theirs would turn coldly from them. A greater fallacy was never uttered. We dry our tears as time ebbs on, but we never forget; and if our beloved dead were to come back to us through the mists of twenty years, our hearts would leap wildly up to greet them."

"How is your mother?" asked Stannie. "I have not heard from her for a long time."

"She is quite well. Eily Blennerhasset is still with her. I don't know what she would do without her, now that we are all away! Tom is well, and enjoying India. Bill is in Asia Minor, rummaging about for sites and ruins of old cities, and studying Sanscrit."

"And Alice—how is she?"

"Such news! I forgot to tell you! I only heard yesterday she is the unfortunate mother of twins!"

"Unfortunate, Lotty! The dear little things! I should like to see them!"

"Unfortunate for her, I mean! Fancy Alice with a baby on each arm! They will crush her high puffs, ruffles, and pull her hair, and tumble her all about! I wonder if they are æsthetic babies?—if they are, they will be a sight to see! She will be sure to dress them in olive green!"

"I shall send them each a rattle!" said Stannie, laughing. "I saw some lovely silver ones with coral handles the other day. I wonder what their names will be?"

"Something ridiculous, rest assured! Catch Alice giving a child of hers a respectable name like Jack, or Bill, or Tom! I am going to write to Professor Neil, and ask him to come over and see us next summer."

"I hope Uncle Alan will be persuaded! It's more than three years since I have seen him."

"It's getting on to nearer four," replied the Countess. "I hear Heinrich knocking; with your leave, I'll let him in."

She left the room, and returned with the Count, Madame Berg, and Gordon.

They all commenced to speak at once, and the confusion of tongues was dreadful, Madame talking German, the Count French, and Gordon English.

"One language, if you please," cried Lotty, "and let it be English! Is the time so valuable that you must all talk together?"

"We were so anxious to congratulate you that we could not help it!" said Madame.

"You didn't know, Stannie, that old friends were listening to you last night! Carl Richter thought that it might excite you if we called before, so we had to obey him. He tells me that you have written your name upon his piano lid."

"Yes. He drank a glass of sour wine after the interesting performance."

"Fraulein, you are a wonderful singer and a great actress to be so young!" said the Count.

"I cannot understand it!"

"I can," said Madame. "Those who work will win!"

"Gordon, are you ill?" asked Lotty. "You are quite pale, and very piano for you."

"When are you going home, Gordon? Soon, I hope?" said Stannie.

If she had struck him on the cheek before them all, Gordon could not have looked more surprised and pained than at her sudden question.

"Why?" he asked. "Are you tired of seeing me about so much?"

"No; but I wish you to take two silver rattles over for Alice's babies. Why didn't you tell me of their arrival?"

"I quite forgot that I was an uncle!" answered Gordon, looking wonderfully relieved.

"Wouldn't one rattle do between them?"

"No; the dear little boys shall have one each."

"Well, since you persist in such reckless extravagance, I'll take charge of them in ten days or so."

"Are you intimate with many of the singers here?" asked Madame Berg.

"No," said Stannie; "I don't know any of them very well. I have so little time for that sort of thing. They come and see me, and I go and see them, and there it ends."

"Do you get on well with them at the theatre?"

"Yes, very well, with one exception; I think the second soprano hates me—I don't know why, unless that I get more bouquets thrown to me. I'll send a gardener with a dozen to throw to her some night when I am not singing, dear; perhaps that will soften her."

"What is her name?"

"Clara Barth."

"Ah, I know her. She is getting a little old, and her life has been a hard one. Her father and mother died fifteen years ago, and she had to support the whole family, eight of them for ten years. She did it by denying herself proper food and warm garments, and walking night after night to the theatre, often through pitiless rain. She got them all settled in the world at last, one way or other, and then began to lay aside a little for the proverbial wet day. But the bubble company in which she had invested her little savings burst, and Clara is as poor to-day as ever. Try and bear with her, dear child—her jealousy is not unnatural."

Stannie was crying when Madame Berg ceased.

"How glad I am that you have told me!" she said. "I'll try and be pleasant to her. She is often very rude, but I'll not take any notice of it."

"I have seen the Barth in Vienna," said Lotty. "She prances round like a horse with ribbons on his tail, and her shoulder-blades are like hatchets. She can never have been pretty, surely!"

"No, never, but she was always a good girl. You have met my dear old rival, Mercedes, I think?"

"Yes, the first night I sang; she gave me this beautiful ring. Used you and she to say unkind things to each other?—she said she had her tantrums sometimes."

"No we were good friends, but she has a temper of her own. She, too, has her own trials to bear."

"Impossible!" cried Stannie. "She is rich and beautiful, and has such spirits—I don't think she could be sad for a minute, if she tried."

"The world sees her with her mask on. She is too proud to take it off before strangers. She belongs to a noble Castilian family, from which she inherited nothing but her splendid beauty. She has made a great fortune, and her jewels are worth another; but if there is a broken-hearted woman in Europe to-day, it is my dear friend Mercedes. Her husband, a Spanish noble, is in a madhouse in England, and her only child is a helpless idiot. Never judge by appearances again."

"Does the world know her history?" asked Gordon. "I thought her divine the night I heard her."

"No; I told you she was proud and a Castilian. Very few know her story. Carl Richter does; she was a pupil of his. She is still young—just thirty-three. Poor Mercedes!"

"Who took the old lady's part last night?" asked Lotty.

"Fraulein Jaftanowitch," answered Stannie. "I scarcely know her—do you, Madame Berg?"

"Yes. She is a Russian, and has a mouth like a shark. Not a pretty woman, I own. She is very respectable, and very disagreeable."

"Is she married?"

"Yes; her husband is a political exile, dragging out a weary existence in the mines of Siberia."

"And Signor Avelina, is he nice?"

"Yes; he is a gentlemanly man. I always got on very well with him."

"Of course he is married?"

"He is a widower. His wife was a pretty ballet girl, a Parisian. She ran away from him, and would have died in a ditch in Berlin, if Mercedes had not discovered and taken her home to her own house, and kept her there until the end."

"Did her husband know about it?"

"Not at the time; he died later."

"Was he grateful to her for taking the poor thing in?"

"I don't think he pretended to entertain such a sentiment on the matter."

"Is that little Nina Brandt nice? She puts me in mind of a May Queen, she has so many garlands about her always. She looks an impudent monkey."

"No; she is not nice. She has a fine voice,

though. She was a poor little beggar in the streets of Hamburg when Richter picked her up. Have as little to do with her as you can, Stannie."

"You are a strange set, taking you all in all," said the outspoken Countess, "with so many strange stories folded out of sight in your lives; and yet, judging by the party you had at the Schloss last summer, I should have thought you were the jolliest people going, with not a care amongst you; and this beautiful Mercedes seemed the gayest of you all."

"The half of the world goes masked. Not those in our ranks only; but everywhere, all over the world, the half of the tribes go masked."

"Stannie," whispered Gordon, bending his head very low under pretence of examining a photograph, "I wish you were free from the whole gang of them, and safe in England."

"What is the matter with you, Gordon?"

"Nothing; only that I did not get to bed last night. We all went to the Princess von D—'s to supper when we left the theatre, and then Richter dragged me into his den to hear a new sonata he has invented. As if I knew a sonata from the Dead March in 'Saul.' I think I am beginning to dislike music. We get so much of it here."

"Go home, then," said Stannie, haughtily.

"No one is forcing you to remain here and listen to what you dislike."

"No, I suppose not," muttered Gordon.

CHAPTER XXV.

STANNIE GOES TO A BALL.

"You look exactly like a piece of Dresden china," said Madame Muller, as she smoothed the folds of Stannie's dress, and pinched a bow here and there. "There will not be a prettier dress at the ball to-night."

It was certainly a marvellous triumph, even of the great Worth's skill. The dress was of satin, of a delicate green shade, with a train of palest pink velvet, which suggested the interior of a sea-shell; the whole effect being softened by clouds of flimsy lace, which might, from its gossamer appearance, have been the work of fairies' fingers. On her neck lay ten rows of exquisite small pearls. They had been a gift to her father from a barbaric Eastern potentate, to whom he had once been fortunate enough to render some trifling service. Other ornaments she had none, save Elma's golden bangle, which gleamed upon one soft white arm. She had dressed her hair over a high cushion in front, and upon the top of the golden erection lay a tiny chaplet of wild roses, matching the tint of her velvet train.

She was truly a vision to gladden the eyes of any man or woman who loved to gaze upon beautiful objects, as she stood waiting for the arrival of Lady H—, the wife of the English Ambassador, who had volunteered to take her under her protecting wing for the night.

"May I ask Mrs. Hall to step in and see you, Miss Ross?"

"Surely, Madame Muller, if you think it would please her. I look pretty well, I think; at least, my clothes do. Some people profess a sublime indifference to pretty clothes. I don't. I think you have a greater feeling of self-respect when you are well dressed, don't you?"

"It is very satisfactory to feel well dressed, no doubt," answered Madame Muller, laughing.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Hall. How do you like Miss Ross's dress?"

"Mrs. Hall put on her gold-rimmed spectacles, and surveyed Stannie critically from head to foot before she ventured to give an opinion."

"You are like an old picture of a court lady which I once saw, I forget where," she said, at last. "Your dress is lovely. But are not those rather strange shades to go together—green and pink?"

"Of course they are. That's why I chose them," said Stannie. "I like something original. When you are getting a new dress, especially from Paris, you may as well get a pretty one."

"I suppose so, if you have not to count the cost," assented Mrs. Hall.

"Oh, never mind that; pretty things all cost money."

"They do, indeed!" said Mrs. Hall, looking significantly at her, then at the costly surroundings of her room.

All balls are alike, so why describe this particular one?

There were the usual number of gorgeous servants with powdered hair and blazing uniforms, standing at intervals on the route from the hall-door to the large drawing-room, where the Austrian Count and his noble wife received their guests.

Their reception of Stannie was most gracious. Besides being the rage of the hour, she had the prestige of being a lady by birth.

Poor Charlie Ross would have been overwhelmed with amazement if he could have known what grand proportions the modest rank he had held in this lower world had swollen into. Nothing less than that of a judge, whose sway over the swarthy Eastern races had been almost unlimited.

Stannie felt as if she had got into a past age, when she heard grand old names which history has made familiar to everyone ringing around her. She felt as if the atmosphere was too aristocratic and highly rarefied for her, the plain old minister of St. Breeda's grandchild, to breathe, and pressed closer to her English chaperon's side. Even Lotty, in her white velvet robes,

* This and the three following chapters should precede those in the last issue, as will be seen by their number.

who was carrying on an animated conversation with a Russian prince with a star upon his breast, seemed by reason of her husband's rank to be far above her, and more in her fitting sphere than she was.

Gordon, who had been threatening to leave every day for the past week, also seemed quite in his natural element, and exchanged remarks freely with starred plenipotentiaries and decorated heroes.

"Lady H—, I think I should like to go home!" Stannie whispered.

"Why?—are you ill?" demanded her ladyship, in affright. "How very unfortunate! If you had a glass of wine don't you think you could stay a little longer? The Grand Duke and Duchess are coming by-and-by! Do try and stay until they arrive!"

"I am not ill; but I feel so insignificant and out of place!"

"What can you mean?" said her ladyship, laughing. "Such humility is as refreshing as it is uncommon in these days! Why, you are not at Court here any more than when you are at a reception in my house. You don't feel so abject there?"

"No; but there were more English, and I knew you a little. Can't I go home?"

"Quite impossible, unless you become really ill! When the dancing commences you will be all right. I had no idea that you were so shy. Rest assured that no one considers you the least person here to-night!"

"What splendid dresses and diamonds some of the ladies have on!" said Stannie, plucking up courage to glance around her again.

"Yes; some pretty good diamonds!" said her companion, glancing at her own costly sapphires as she spoke. "But the women are very ugly—all foreign women are. Our English Countess over there, the vivacious Lotty, puts them all in the shade. Ah, Mr. Hunter! I thought you would be here to-night. Is this positively your last appearance?"

"Positively. I am really going to-morrow night. Why doesn't the dancing begin?"

"I suppose they are waiting for the party from the palace."

"Here they are, then!" said Gordon; and everyone rose to their feet as the royal visitors entered.

"They look just like any other old lady and gentleman in a room," said Stannie, in a disappointed voice.

"Whatever did you expect them to be like?" asked Lady H—. "Did you imagine they would come in coronation robes with crowns upon their heads? The Grand Duchess has worn that crimson velvet and old point a dozen times, to my knowledge. She is a charming woman. I daresay she will ask to be introduced when she finds out that you are here. Madame Berg and she have been great cronies for years. Do you feel better now?"

"Are you ill?" asked Gordon, looking at her anxiously.

"Seriously ill—at ease," answered Lady H—. "She was overpowered by the array of aristocracy around her. After all, it is nothing to what one sees in London. I have been at a hundred better dances there. Wirtstadt is only a little toy Court."

"But I have never been in London, that makes all the difference, and I think Wirtstadt a most imposing place."

"The dancing is going to commence at last. The musicians in the gallery are making preparations. What a pity that lovely dress of yours has such an unlimited tail, my dear!"

"Oh, the train will be easily managed, if—"

"If what?"

"If anybody should ask me to dance."

"You are not likely to be a wallflower, I think."

The ambassador was right; the beautiful *prima donna* was certainly the belle of that assemblage, and was not able to escape a single dance.

"I am so tired," she said, two hours later, to Gordon, happening to find herself near him for an instant.

"Indeed!" answered that gentleman, rather savagely. He was not even pretending to enjoy himself. One short waltz with Stannie and another with his sister had been the extent of his dancing, and he had passed the rest of the evening wandering listlessly from one room to another, and surveying the brilliant scene with jaundiced eyes. He actually frowned when Stannie, flushed and animated, swept past him once in the mazes of the dance.

If he had dared he would have dragged her from the encircling grasp of the young Graf, who was at that moment realizing one of his day-dreams.

"Ever since Miss Ross had taken the town by storm he had been vainly endeavouring to obtain an introduction. He had not hitherto found it difficult to make the acquaintance of operatic stars; but this Scotch girl was something different from all the rest; he did not dare even to send her a bouquet. A friend of his had ventured to send his servant with one, and the man had been politely informed that Miss Ross accepted flowers out of the theatre only from her own friends. There was no alternative but to take the rejected blossoms back to his master, who promptly threw them out of the window. The Graf had resigned himself to his disappointment, and worshipped her afar off, when lo! he met her on his own ground.

Perhaps he did not, to himself, quite admit that a singer was his equal. But for the time

being she was. It seemed unlikely, when the longed-for introduction was obtained, that he would gain much advantage by it; but, taking compassion on his earnestness, Stannie ran her pencil through a name which was down twice upon her card, and sent him away rejoicing.

Her cup of pleasure was full to the brim, and running over. She no longer wished to glide quietly from the ball-room and run home. She knew she was the queen of the night, and would not have been human if her heart had not thrilled with gratified pride. The Grand Duke and Duchess did not remain long, but, before leaving, they requested an introduction, and, in a few well-chosen words, they both expressed the intense pleasure which her singing had afforded them, and wished her every success in her career.

"Shall you be busy to-morrow forenoon?" asked Gordon, when he bade her good night at the carriage door.

"Up till two o'clock. After that I shall be free until the evening."

"I will call at half-past two, then. I wish particularly to speak to you before I leave."

"I will be at home then, and will have the babies' rattles packed in a little box for you to take over. Has not this been a glorious evening?"

"Ah! pretty well. Glad you have liked it."

"Liked it? I should think I had! It has been perfectly delicious!"

"Good night. Good night, Lady H—, and good-bye as well."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT CANNOT BE.

"Is your answer final, Stannie?"

"Yes."

"Will you not reconsider it?"

"No. If I were to consider it for a year, it would be the same. I shall never marry."

"Never! That's a great deal to say. You will change one day."

"I shall not change. I have chosen my life, and mean to adhere to it. My work is planned out for years to come. It is my other, higher state of existence. I am sorry, very sorry, if you are disappointed, Gordon; but can't you see that it would never do? I have no love to bestow on any man; it is all given to my art."

"And you think that you are happy?"

"I know that I am."

"I shall come again in a year; maybe you will listen to me then."

"Come when you will, but it must be upon the old footing. Regard me as a sister, and I will love you as I would a brother, if I had one, but nothing else—it cannot be."

"A sister!" said Gordon, contemptuously; "no, indeed! I shall not accept a sister's affection from you. It must be something more, or nothing."

"Then it must be nothing," said Stannie, softly.

"I thought you had a heart."

"I hope I have," she answered; "but I cannot force it into loving anyone."

"You will change your mind yet; I know you will. I don't mean in regard to myself; you seem decisive enough upon that point. I was a fool to imagine that you could care for me. If you knew how sincerely I have loved you since the first day I saw you first, I think you would have a little compassion for me."

"So I have; but not the sort of compassion that you would accept. I am sorry that you have spoiled the old pleasant life. I have always enjoyed your visits here, and looked forward to them so much. Now, because I will not humour a fancy which would burden you with the threat that you will never return."

"I wished to take you away from this unreal life, which has cast such a glamour over you. I cannot bear to see you with all that rabble night after night. Those people with whom you are thrown into daily contact are not fit to breathe the same air with you."

"What?" asked Stannie, looking at him as if she had not heard aright.

"Once more I implore you to have done with them. Give up this frightful profession of yours, and be my wife. Is my home not beautiful enough to please you?"

"It is not a question of homes, but of hearts. You judge my friends wrongly. I shall not give them up. You will get over this folly soon. Come and tell me when you have done so; until then, good-bye."

He would not take the hand which she held out to him; he could not have done it had it been to save his life.

She looked at him for an instant as he sat with drooping head, seemingly seeing nothing but the brown and golden stripes of the tiger's skin beneath his feet, and then she went softly from the room.

Gordon rose to his feet when she left him, and looked around the room—her room—for the last time.

Everything seemed to reflect her image. Her feet had pressed the soft skins upon the floor, her fingers had swept the ivory keys of the piano not an hour ago, she had toyed with the fan which was lying on the couch beside him.

In that last glance the place was fixed on his memory for time to come. It was there she had driven all blissful illusions from his life, and let him know that he must forego its better part.

Some men might have smiled, and said to

themselves, "Let her go—I do not care;" but he could not do that, for alas! he did care, and let himself out as he had done well-nigh a hundred times before, and walked quickly to the Austrian Embassy, to bid his sister good-bye.

The Countess was busy packing. Their holiday was over, and she and her husband were to leave on the following day.

She came into the room with a gay speech upon her lips, which died away when she saw her brother's troubled countenance.

"My goodness, Gordon! have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes."

"How interesting! Where have you been?"

"I have just come from Stansmore Ross."

"Ah, I see!"

And the brother and sister looked at each other.

"I understand," said Lotty, softly. "I did not intend that you or anyone else should know, but it is as well—it will explain what might have seemed strange to you later."

"I am very sorry."

"I shall never return to Wirtstadt, and wish that I had never seen the place."

"She will not be here always."

"I suppose not. Well, I must keep out of her way."

"Of course, she would say 'No?'"

"Why, of course, Lotty."

"Because she is in the full swing of her first popularity. You have ruined your own cause by speaking too soon. It might have been very different if you had waited, say, three years."

"I could not, and it would have made no difference. She says that she shall never marry anyone."

"Oh, rubbish!" said the Countess. "I don't believe a word of it. She won't for a while, that's certain. Keep up your heart, brother. Wait, and then ask her again."

"No; I know better than to do that. She does not love me, and never will!"

"Then don't think another instant about her. She is beautiful, and clever, and nice; but if she doesn't and won't love you, don't fret about it. These things are beyond our control, Gordon. Efface her from your mind; don't be like a child crying for the moon."

"Your advice is not very comforting, Lotty."

"I am as vexed as can be. I saw where your eyes were all the time last night. I would have warned you had I dared to do so!"

"Any messages for home, dear?" asked Gordon, abruptly changing the conversation.

"None. My love to them all."

"Is Eily Blennerhasset still with mamma?"

"Gordon, don't!" said his sister, entreatingly.

"Don't what, Lottchen?"

"You know what I mean."

"Is she?"

"Yes; don't be rash; don't let your heart rebound like an india-rubber ball; be true to yourself. Would you offer Eily an empty, disappointed heart? Oh, Gordon!"

"I daresay she likes me a little?"

"Undoubtedly she does."

"Well, I like her. I can never marry the woman I love; why not Eily?"

"Would you be happy afterwards?"

"I am sure I should not."

"Gordon, dear," said the young Countess, "have patience. 'Eily is a dear, good girl; deal fairly by her. A year hence the wound in your heart will be healed over. Then ask her to be your wife, if you will. It would be an unmanly thing to offer any woman a counterfeit affection!"

He made no reply, but her words did their work.

He crossed the Channel, and went direct to his great empty home at Cumrie, and many a day came and went before he whispered words of love to a woman again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. MACTAVISH WRITES A LETTER.

"I am so tired I can scarcely speak."

"You need a rest, Miss Ross. You have been working too hard."

"I don't think so. All the same, I am glad that I have not to sing this evening," answered Stannie, lying wearily back in her chair. "The truth is, Madame Muller, I am anxious because I have not heard from home for nearly six weeks now. I fear something serious must have happened to Uncle Alan."

"That's a long time, certainly. Perhaps he has been very busy."

"He couldn't be too busy to write to me, if he were well."

"Would not Mr. Hunter have let you know had such been the case?"

"No," said Stannie, blushing hotly as she recalled their last interview. "Mr. Hunter has never been in the habit of writing to me. Besides, he would not be likely to know. Cumrie is a long way from St. Breeda."

Madame Muller left her, and Stannie closed her eyes to think.

Gradually her mind drifted step by step from one thing to another, until she landed all at once, as the fairy tales say, in the church of St. Breeda.

She had fallen asleep, and in her dream stood in the broad aisle of the venerable building. Mr. Graem was in the pulpit in his Geneva gown and bands; the Principal nodded in his accustomed place. But his brood were all scattered; he was the sole occupant of the once well

filled pew. Could his kind-hearted spouse be amongst the silent worshippers outside? The Macphersons were all there, and the miller, with his apple-cheeked, tow-headed offspring, and twenty others at least whom she recognized; but Professor Neil's place was empty, and it seemed to her that now and then Mr. Graem glanced sadly at the vacant seat.

"I can't remain here," she thought. "I must go and find Uncle Alan."

So she left the church, and went her way across the gravelled walks.

College Bounds was as deserted as if it had been the month of July or August. Not a human being was visible up and down the whole street; the students in their red gowns had vanished as effectually as if an invading army had annihilated the last one of them. A stray cat ran along the top of a garden wall, then suddenly dropped into retirement on the other side; a dignified turkey cock, which had extended its peregrinations from a neighbouring farm-yard, pranced majestically along the narrow pavement, and regarded the scene of still life with well bred contempt. The blinds were all drawn in the Professor's house, and the place wore a neglected air. She put her hand upon the door-handle, and it yielded to her touch, and entered.

Her light footfall sounded strangely through the rooms as she hurriedly passed from one to the other. The ashes were still in the grates, and various things were lying about as if they had been used quite recently. The Professor's books lay upon the table, the chairs, and the floor, as of old; but the dust lay thick upon their leaves and covers. His reading lamp, with the green shade, stood upon the table; but it was untrimmed, and destitute of oil. His slippers, sadly down at the heels, lay carelessly kicked aside upon the hearthrug, and a pair of spectacles, which had dropped possibly from his pocket, were lying near them. She gazed around her, wondering and frightened, and then called aloud, "Uncle Alan, where are you?"

But only a mocking echo answered her.

"Janet—Janet Scott, it is I, Stannie, come home again! Where are you all?"

But the old housekeeper, ever ready to run at her favourite's beck and call, came not.

"Uncle!" she called again. "Where can you be? It is growing dark, and I am afraid, all alone in the house!"

Then she sat down and wept.

"Hush, dear hush! Wake up. You have been asleep and dreaming; a bad dream, surely, to cause those tears," said Madame Muller, taking both her hands tenderly within her own. "You cannot have been asleep long; it is only ten minutes since I went to fetch your tea. Here it is. Drink a little; it will do you good."

"Are you sure that it was only a dream?" asked Stannie, sobbing violently. "I am so glad!"

"What was it, dear?"

Stannie related it, and Madame then said, "It is all extremely simple. What has been weighing upon our minds during the day come back to us in distorted visions when we are asleep. You have been vexing yourself for weeks about a letter, and imagining all manner of improbable things. Naturally, the same thoughts haunt you in your dreams."

"How wretched the place looked! I saw it as distinctly as I see the room here. If I don't hear to-night, I shall telegraph to Mr. Graem. I wish I had done so before."

"Here is your letter," exclaimed Madame Muller, as a sharp double knock was heard.

Stannie sprang up to snatch it from the servant's hand, spilling her cup of tea, and upsetting a plate of bread and butter upon the floor in her eagerness.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried, tossing it aside.

"Such a disappointment! It is not from home yet. The post-mark is Edinburgh. I am sure I don't know any person there."

"Will you not read your letter, Miss Ross?" suggested Madame Muller, a few minutes later.

Stannie seated herself in the same listless attitude, and had evidently forgotten all about it.

"There may be some news in it."

"There may. I can't imagine why anybody in Edinburgh should write to me. What a bold hand—and a seal to match! A dropical M," she said, breaking it with an air of one who expected nothing of an interesting nature to reward her trouble.

Madame Muller left the room, carrying the tea-things with her. When she returned, Stannie was still reading the letter.

She looked up, and quietly asked, "What o'clock is it, Madame Muller?"

"Ten minutes past nine exactly."

"When does the train start—the one which goes through Belgium direct to Ostend?"

"At midnight."

"Will you kindly pack up a few things for me, just what I can carry in a dressing-bag and small portmanteau? I am going by that train."

"Miss Ross!—going! Where?"

"To Edinburgh, I suppose. I had better put on a warmer dress," she added, glancing down at the folds of her light silk.

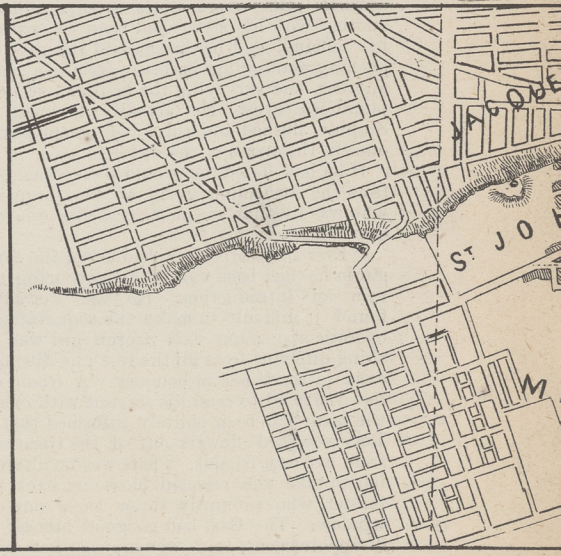
"Going to Edinburgh! Why, may I ask?"

"You had better read this letter. I knew there must be something wrong; I knew it before I fell asleep, and dreamt that horrid dream. I was quite prepared for it, but I don't think that I deserve the hard things she says to me. But do read the letter; it will explain everything."

(To be continued.)



3



1.—GENERAL VIEW OF QUEBEC WITH ST. JOHN'S CHURCH ON THE EXTREME RIGHT. 2.—RUINS OF THE CHURCH
WHERE THE FIRE FIRST ORIGINATED. 4.—OUR ARTIST SKETCHING THE
6.—MAP OF THE CITY, THE SHADED PART

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC.—THE

SKETCHES FROM



4 SPECIAL ARTIST.

A PLACE FOR EACH.

Brewers should to "Malta" go,
 Loggerheads to "Scilly,"
 Quakers to the "Friendly Isles,"
 And furriers all to "Chili."
 The little bawling, squalling babes
 That break our nightly rest
 Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
 To "Lapland" or to "Brest."

From "Spithead" cooks go o'er to "Greece";
 And, while the miser waits
 His passage to the "Guinea" Coast,
 Spendthrifts are in the "Straits."
 Musicians hasten to the "Sound,"
 To some "Cape Horn" is pain;
 Debtors should go to "Ohio,"
 And sailors to the "Maine."

Gardeners should to "Botany" go,
 Shoeblacks to "Japan,"
 Bachelors to the "United States,"
 And maids to the "Isle of Man."
 Thus emigrants and misplaced men,
 They would no longer vex us;
 And those not here provided for
 Had better go to—"Texas!"

A FRENCH SPECULATION.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in the early spring, and all the little world of Blois was disporting itself on the promenade by the side of the river Loire. The scene was very gay; under the long line of trees a band of stringed instruments was labouring through an elaborate valse. The performers were amateurs: they belonged to a choral society got up by the organist of the cathedral, among the young and enterprising *bourgeoisie*; and the affair had proved a great success. As they played now, the admiring eyes of mothers, sisters, and pretty cousins were on them, and they did their best and looked their best, as became their important position.

A little apart from the band sat groups of elderly ladies, chatting among themselves, watching their portly husbands and slim daughters, promenading round the musicians; among them little children trotting about, daintily dressed, and *bonnes* with large white coifs on their heads and knitting in their hands. Over all the sunny sky of France, blue, bright, and gay, smiling through the tender green of the young foliage, and reflecting itself beautifully in the fair river.

Truly they seemed a happy and contented people these honest *bourgeois* of the old town, full of their own concerns, and apparently well satisfied to be so. Among a group of *gros papas* who stood chattering together, and leaning on the parapet, stood two men, both of whom seemed graver than the others. The elder of the two was a man of some importance in the town, the owner of a well-known and popular inn "La Pie Blanche." No one was more respected than Monsieur Auguste Benoit; he and his family were most highly considered. Monsieur Benoit was about the average height of the French *bourgeois*, a liberal five-foot five; he was stout, or rather round; his prominent waistcoat was adorned by a huge gold watch-chain; he wore a massive ring set with a carbuncle, on the first finger of his right hand; his hands were fat and dimpled, and tapered to finely-pointed fingers. Monsieur Benoit's face was good-nature and *bonhomie* itself; it was round and large, smooth shaven but for the black moustache. He was bald on the top of his head; the hair behind was black as jet, and so close-cut as to throw two large thin ears into bold relief. His ample double chin rested on a black satin cravat. His dress, from that cravat to the tartan trousers in folds on the hips, and tapering to the very small high-heeled boots, was perfection. Such was Monsieur Benoit on the promenade on Sunday, but to-day the shade of gravity sat on him in an unwonted manner.

Monsieur Benoit's companion was a man who might have been any age between thirty-five and fifty. He belonged to a different type altogether from his friend: he was tall, and very thin; his hair was fair and sprinkled with grey; he wore a short, fair beard, which partly concealed the restless movements of an eager, mobile mouth; his eyebrows also were constantly moving, and his eyes restless, bright, and searching; he was despite this unrestfulness, a handsome man, with straight features and a well-made figure. He was Monsieur Legros, formerly a highly successful *avocat*, now retired upon his laurels, with his money invested in a new and startling investment. That restlessness was the restlessness of speculation; in his little office, in old days of hard work, Legros had been a much calmer man.

That such a man as Camille Legros ever had time or thought to spare for matrimony, was an astonishment to his acquaintance; but so it was. Affairs of importance had taken him to Blois, where he had hired a room in "La Pie Blanche." Madame Benoit herself always presided at the head of the *table d'hôte*, and on her right hand sat her daughter, Mademoiselle Blanche, so named, people said, after the celebrated "Pie." Before Monsieur Legros had dined three times at *table d'hôte* he had determined to make Blanche his wife. He was a man, who, during a busy life, had hardly given a passing thought to women. He was, like most Frenchmen, a devoted son to his widowed mother; but perhaps it was his experience of her that had so completely lowered his conception of what a woman should be, that he expected in a wife a pretty nonentity—a creature not to trust or to share his confidence, but a useful housekeeper, and a credit to his taste in good looks. He was not in love with Blanche Benoit:

he did not know what love was; and he demanded her from her father with a strong sense of the good match he was offering her, and that the obligation would be all on their side. Monsieur Benoit demanded a fair statement of his proposed son-in-law's finances before he would agree to the betrothal. It was given. Camille Legros was too absolutely confident in the success of his great schemes to conceal anything. Benoit was impressed by the size of the fortune, but somewhat startled by hearing that it was all invested in one vast speculation, the building of a little fashionable watering-place that was to rival Dieppe, Dinard, or Etretat in its attractions.

"You are sure—you are quite sure that the situation is one that will be popular?" asked the inn-keeper, anxiously.

"Sure! I am certain," cried Legros, shrugging up his shoulders and tapping the map over which they were bending, with the back of his hand. "What more can one wish? The air is magnificent; an unbroken *plage* of hard sand; the view exquisite; in the neighbouring inland town, advantages of education, of market, of medical attendance; the railway has agreed with me, for a consideration, to run an additional train from Paris; there are quarries close at hand, from which I draw my stone; it is well adapted to building purposes; labour is cheap just now; I have capital,—what more can one desire?"

"It sounds well," said Monsieur Benoit, musingly. He was dazzled by the talk, by the ready money, by the certainty of Legros; and after a conference with Madame Benoit—for he did not share his future son-in-law's views about women—they agreed to give him their only child.

Blanche was told, and was quite satisfied; she had not thought much of the future, leaving it with perfect confidence in her parents' hands; so she was neither surprised nor disconcerted when Monsieur Legros was presented to her as her future husband; and she smiled a very pretty little smile, and made the set little speech her mother had taught her with so charming a grace, that Legros was enchanted. Blanche was charming; she was tall and slight; her face was a perfect oval, her complexion clear and white; her eyes very large and dark brown, fringed with thick dark lashes—as thick and long at each end of the eyelid as in the centre; her dark hair was cut short on the forehead, in the fashion of the day: the mouth beautifully shaped, tender, mobile, wondrously sweet in expression, but betraying something of childishness and immaturity, which befitted her seventeen years.

That Sunday afternoon at Blois was the day preceding the wedding, and Blanche and her mother were seated together for the last time listening to the band.

"That is Jean's violin," said Blanche, touching her mother's hand. "Listen, mamma."

They sat on a bench, Madame Benoit stout in black silk, Blanche all in white; and a violin solo was played in the orchestra.

"He plays well, the little Jean," said Madame Benoit, complacently. "Thy cousin has talent, Blanche."

Yes, he was playing well, the poor boy,—playing on his own heart-strings this evening; for was not Blanche to be married to-morrow, and what should he have to live for—he, the forlorn collegian of nineteen—when his fair cousin was gone? And she never guessed it. Alas, poor Jean!

The solo ended, there was applause. He fancied he could hear her little hands joining in the applause, and he stole away out of the group of musicians, and came and stood beside her wistfully.

By-and-by an evening breeze began to stir the river; it became chilly; Madame Benoit rose.

"Oh, not yet, not yet, mamma," said Blanche, regretfully. "I should like to linger yet a little while."

"Then go to papa, my child. I must go in to be in time for the omnibus that comes from the train. I cannot neglect my possible travellers;" and she hurried away. Blanche went over to the parapet where her father stood.

"We are going to take a walk, *mignonne*," he said.—"Monsieur Legros and I."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle Blanche would wish to come with us?" said Legros, courteously.

"May I?"

"We are enchanted."

"But how about our conversation and business, *mon cher*?" said Monsieur Benoit.

"See!" said Jean, advancing eagerly. "If these messieurs will allow it, I will walk with my cousin; we will follow you; we shall converse; we will not interrupt you; we shall be happy."

There was a pathetic ring in the last words of the boy that struck Legros. He looked at him keenly, and then at Blanche; but he only said, briefly, "Soit," and they started on their walk.

On the opposite side of the river lay the little suburb of Blois, which is called Vienne. It is an insignificant little place, lying in a flat, low country, intersected with open ditches. Quite across these flat fields ran a long spine formed by a narrow road on an embankment, just sufficiently wide to allow of trees being planted on each side of it; the rank grass and thick bushes growing up the sides of the embankment shut in this little road, and made it very quiet and green. The views now and then through a gap in the trees and undergrowth were charmingly pretty, showing picturesque old Blois, with its piled-up buildings and high steps; the river

below; behind, the wide country, and a low crimson streak of setting sun.

"The last time, the last time!" said Jean in a low earnest whisper, as the two followed the elder men at a short distance behind.

"No, no; not the last time. Many and many a time shall we pace this promenade again," said Blanche, gaily. Only to the boy it was the very last time.

Beautiful yellow dragon-flies flitted across their path. One alighted on Blanche's white gown, and she had leisure during one brief second to admire it. Then bright blue butterfly, brilliant as a patch of sky, flitted to and fro. A little damp, and very green, with a faint sweet smell of marshy plants below, this walk was a perfect paradise for lovely and rare insects.

Monsieur Benoit and Legros recked not of the brilliant insect-world, save when a blundering common dragon-fly in his steel-blue armour bounced against Monsieur Benoit's face causing him to emit a hasty expression of impatience. They were deep in business. It was a subject that had been, so to speak, already talked thread-bare; but this terrible Camille Legros would come back to it again and again. Blanche would have an excellent *dot* after her father's death; but till that occurred, nothing—"not one *sou*," said the good man energetically.

"But see, my good friend," urged Legros over and over again, "I am nearly as old as thee, and we are not either of us old! *Ma foi*, no I tell you two thousand francs *now* would be of more value than twenty thousand after you are no more."

"No, no; ask me no more. After all, my friend, this grand affair of your at St. Didier, it is but a speculation; and if it fail, you will then have this snug little nest-egg of Blanche's to fall back upon. I know what I am about—*va*!"

"Less than this has broken a marriage, *mon cher*," said Legros, somewhat gloomily.

"Break it! break it! Only it must be done to-night, my friend," said Monsieur Benoit. "To-morrow it will be too late;" and he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. Legros walked on thoughtfully for a few steps. He was afraid to show how he longed to obtain possession of some of the promised money, or how valuable it would be to him at this moment.

"A truce to joking," he said suddenly, clearing his brow. "If you are determined, there is no more to be said. Break off the marriage! *Peste*! With me it has become an affair of the heart."

"And when you have once conversed with Blanche, it will be still more so," cried her father enthusiastically. "I know it is not etiquette, but would you like to walk home with her now?"

"I should," said Legros, smiling a little. Monsieur Benoit turned round: "Jean, Jean, my boy."

Jean joined him, and he passed his arm through his and walked on. Monsieur Legros stepped back, and placed himself by the side of his young betrothed. "You are fond of flowers?" he said, observing that her hands were full of them.

"Yes, monsieur."

"There are flowers at St. Didier, and I am planting them, making gardens everywhere."

"Yes, monsieur."

"Have you ever been away from Blois?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then you cannot imagine St. Didier. All is new, new, new. None of those crumbling streets and mouldy buildings. All is fresh and bright, and the houses are very gay—some painted pink, and some green and white. And there is a casino, which will be very gay when the place is full of *locataires*. See, here are the plans," and he drew a roll from his pocket. "That is the great hotel, and there is an English church with a spire, and here is an artist's studio; and on the cliffs gay villas, with gardens running down to the sea."

"It must be charming—charming, monsieur."

"What are they doing, Jean?" asked Monsieur Benoit, pressing the arm of his young cousin. "It would not be discreet for me to look, but thou—thou mayst look."

What were they doing? Jean's heart failed him, for he thought of what he himself would have been doing—whispering honeyed words, stealing loving looks from shy, downcast eyes. With hot impatience he looked back.

"Ah, bah!" he said. "You may look, monsieur, without the smallest indiscretion. He is explaining to her the plans of St. Didier."

CHAPTER II.

The courtyard of the "Pie Blanche" was very gaily decorated the next morning—scarlet cloth over the pavement, festoons of leaves and flowers all round the windows, and a magnificent motto in scarlet and white over the archway leading into the street. The bridal party had been to the Mairie at eight o'clock in the morning, after which they returned to the hotel, to emerge in full splendour at half-past ten.

All the busy laughing and chattering ceased when the procession was formed. They went two and two,—the bride and her father at the head, Blanche dressed all in white, with her flowing veil hiding her blushing face—all the other relations arm-in-arm behind; three bride's-maids each with her cavalier; the mother leaning on an uncle; all the friends; the ladies dressed in the height of the fashion—fawn-coloured silk, cream-coloured satin and brown, Bismarck *enragé*, *prune de Monsieur*,

noir corbeau, *sang de bœuf*.—all varieties of colours; their hair frizzed, their heels two inches high;—the gentleman in full evening dress, cut-away coats, white waistcoats, and gloves, with exquisite bouquets in their button-holes.

As the last of them passed under the archway, the two old waiters who were left behind each flicked the napkin in his hand with a somewhat discontented flick.

"I wish mad'demoiselle was not going so far off, Battiste," said the younger of the two, who might be sixty. "Oh la! la! we shall miss her sweet face." "Yes," answered Battiste, ruefully. "And her monsieur is a queer sort of man, never gives one a look or a word, and sits up night after night over his accounts, like one that is not certain which side the balance will lie."

"Umph!—well, the old 'Pie Blanche' will be something solid for mad'demoiselle to fall back upon, anyhow; we do well, *hein*?"

Up the narrow picturesque streets, up flights of stairs, mounting the hill, the procession at last reached the cathedral. With one of the bride's-maids leaning on his arm, a simpering girl in blue, came Jean, and as he walked his heart grew heavier. When they reached the great western door he could bear it no longer, he could not see Blanche given away to this stranger—it would break his heart. There was a pause at the entrance, congratulating friends pressing round, and among them Jean slipped away, leaving the aggrieved bride's-maid to do as best she might.

The cathedral stands on one height of the picturesque old town, and on another height the castle. Behind the cathedral is a dark, tree-shadowed old garden, with a parapet from which to view the lawn beneath, the flowing Loire, the great gloomy walls of the old Château de Blois. The old trees grew closely together, and even with their young spring foliage made a thick impenetrable shade. The garden of the old Evêché it is called: but when Jean went into it with his sore heart, there were no dark-robed priests pacing its alleys; it was complete solitude, the cathedral bells clanging a joyous marriage cadence which smote on his ear. He flung himself on a low stone bench, hid his face in his hands, and waited. It seemed an eternity. When it was all over there was a joyous movement and murmur. He emerged from the old garden, and was just in time to see them come out, bride and bride-groom first, bowing, smiling, shaking hands. His Blanche! no, she was his no longer—she belonged to Camille Legros. It was all over, all over, and he wished that he was dead.

The sun should shine on a wedding-day, it is true, and very sunny was Blanche's wedding-day; but it is equally important that it should shine on her first entry into her new home, and so, unfortunately, it did not. The Legros remained for about a week at Blois—a week which seemed interminable to the bridegroom, who felt it a grievous waste of time—a week full of mingled disappointment, happiness, and grief, to Blanche. She was dreadfully afraid of her husband, never sufficiently at ease with him to let him have any insight into her real character and the intelligence of her judgments and opinions. Her conversation was limited to monosyllables, her remarks to interjections. He pored over his plans all day, giving vent to such vivid descriptions of the charms of St. Didier, that Blanche formed a most brilliant conception of what her new home would be; and finding that that subject pleased him best, grew bold enough to ask a few flattering questions about it. Unluckily the questions were not easy to answer. For instance: "Will it not be difficult to have any privacy among all these people, monsieur?" She had yet to learn that the people were still to come. Then, "I am glad my new gowns were made so much *à la mode*. Who sets the fashion at St. Didier, monsieur?" and so on.—Monsieur Legros, blustering a little, and talking of the coming "season" and the present dead time of the year.

Blanche had one of those clinging natures who cannot live without loving some one. A very few gentle words, a very little affection, from her husband in the first days of their marriage, sufficed to make her love him; but it was with a timid, deprecating love, easily subdued, and very shrinking.

It was a grey, cloudy, windy day when the bride first saw her new home. The journey was a tedious one, with many changes. Blanche had wept bitterly on leaving her home and her parents for the first time. Her head ached; she was confused by the unknown bustle of travelling, and longed, poor child, for a kiss and a kind word; but Legros was not a demonstrative man. She took refuge in the thought of the charms of the new home, and of the welcome that awaited her from Madame Berthe, her husband's mother, who lived with him, and had hitherto managed his household. They reached the station, transferred themselves and their baggage to a very shabby-looking one-horse omnibus, and were soon started on their way.

The country was flat and green, with no interesting features whatever. By-and-by, as they drove on, it grew colder and colder. A sharp north wind blowing over the sea, there was a fresher smell and taste in the air; but Blanche was so tired that she could hardly keep awake, and her eyes closed again and again. Monsieur Legros showed her some little tenderness then. He put his arm round her, and drew a shawl over her knees, and looking at the pale, beautiful little face which almost rested on his shoulder, felt a thrill of gratification and pride.

Suddenly a tremendous jolt awoke Blanche, followed by leaps and jerks, as if they were passing over heavy ruts.

"We are arriving! look up, Blanche!" cried her husband, in an excited voice. They were passing up what seemed to be an embryo street—the road not yet made, the houses all detached from each other, and in different stages of development. They turned a corner, and now faced the sea; a sudden sweep round, and they drew up before one of a row of houses which faced the beach, and appeared more finished than the others. Monsieur Legros was eagerly gazing out of the window; with a bound he leapt out of the carriage.

"Excuse me, *ma chère amie*," he cried suddenly. "But I see such mischief going on in that villa yonder—all the painting wrong. One moment only," and without a moment's pause he had darted away, leaving her startled, bewildered, not knowing what to do.

"Madame had better descend," said the coachman; "I have a long way to drive back."

"Yes, yes," cried Blanche. She got out, had her trunks removed from the roof of the carriage, and watched the man mechanically as he rang the bell and left her, driving off without waiting to be paid.

The young bride stood on the threshold of her new home, and the tears gathered fast in her eyes. She drew her shawl more closely round her; the wind was tearing it from her, and it was very cold.

It seemed a long time before the bell was answered. The door opened, and a little withered old woman in a loose wrapper appeared.

"Who is it?" she asked, in a shrill voice. My *bonne* has gone off, and left no one at home. They are all alike, these *bonnes*; but Rosalie is much the worst—out, *dame*, much the worst."

"It is I, madame—Blanche Legros," said the poor, little weary, trembling bride. The old woman gave a little cry.

"Ah! Madame Camille! my boy's rich wife! Come in! Come in! And where is he, where is he? when didst thou arrive?"

She held out her hands, embraced Blanche warmly, and retreated through the house, uttering shrill calls—"Rosalie! Rosalie! silly one! quick, quick, Rosalie! Madame Camille is come, and we not expecting her this hour or more."

Rosalie appeared at last, and, helped by the two ladies, drew in one of Blanche's boxes. The others being too heavy, were left outside for the present.

In a few moments they were seated in the *salon*, and Blanche had leisure to look about her. The drawing-room and dining-room were one; only divided from each other by a curtain, which was drawn back. Both were somewhat scantily furnished—a few hard-backed arm-chairs, a round centre table; a very large alabaster clock, with vases to match, on the mantel-piece. Blanche's eyes took it all in at a glance; then she stooped over the very small fire of damp, hastily kindled logs. Madame Berthe wore broad carpet slippers; she rested the bellows on the wide square toe and blew away at the faint sparks in the grate while she talked.

"So Camille left you at the very door! That was just like him, his whole heart he has thrown into this place with his money. *Dame, oui*! his whole heart and his whole fortune. So he saw something wrong, did he? Well, how could it be expected otherwise, when he had been away more than three weeks? All the workmen ceased to work, and idled about all day; the coachman drove out his friends in the carriage. A lady and gentleman came and looked at villa La Rochelle, and nothing came of it. Wasted chances! wasted chances!"

Blanche hung her head, she felt guilty of this sad waste of time. Madame Berthe rubbed her hands with a little chuckle.

"But the season is coming on—the fine season!" she said, "when all the world will be here, and St. Didier will be as gay as Dieppe itself—a little Paris, indeed."

Time passed on, and Camille Legros did not come in. Weary, faint and exhausted, it seemed to Blanche as if the chuckling talk of Madame Berthe would never end. At six o'clock came dinner, but she was too tired to eat. When it was nearly over her husband came in; there was a cloud on his brow she had never seen before.

"Everything has been going wrong," he said, tucking the end of his napkin under his chin, and devouring great spoonfuls of soup. "Jean Marie has not looked after the men. The work at the *châlet* is where I left it. The walls of the villa No. 3 are not a foot above the ground. I have lost two good lets. Truly, I should never have been away."

Blanche winced again; he went on grumbling about neglect and carelessness, while Madame Berthe watched him, nodding like an old bright-eyed bird with her head on one side. After dinner he went out again,—not a moment given to sentiment, not a caress to his young wife.

When he was gone Blanche pleaded to be shown her room, and was taken up-stairs.

"Good night, sleep well," said Madame Berthe, with a friendly nod; and she went off, muttering to herself.

"He has chosen well—she will look very well on the promenade; much too fine a lady to look after the *ménage*. Yes, yes; we will go on as before, and her money will keep us all straight till the *locataires* come!"

Blanche unpacked the ivory crucifix that always hung over her bed, placed it at her head,

and then lay down, too utterly weary to realize that she was not happy to-night.

The next morning Blanche was up betimes, eager to see everything, and make acquaintance with her new home. It was a great pity that the sky continued to be of one uniform dull grey colour—that the sea was restless and sullen—and the rocks and islands, which made the coast so picturesque, were half shrouded with mist; but a good night's sleep had refreshed the little bride completely, and renewed all her bright castles in the air.

Madame Berthe's welcome to her this morning was far less cordial than it had been the night before, and a little startled Blanche; but she soon forgot it in watching her husband eat his breakfast, and ministering to his wants to save time, for he said he had but five minutes to spare, and nothing must keep him waiting. Before he had swallowed his last mouthful he was off, and Blanche and her mother-in-law were left alone.

"My husband is always busy like this?" asked Blanche, timidly. Madame Berthe nodded.

"And need he should be," she said, grimly. "It will take all his energies to keep things going."

"But are they not going well?" cried Blanche very much startled. "I thought everything promised so wonderfully."

"There is a vast difference between promise and fruition. It is a great fortune my son lays out, and we must wait, wait—out, *dame*, we must wait to realize any profits."

She began to take away the coffee-cups as she spoke, and for the moment Blanche did not speak,—then she said, timidly—

"Will you tell me something about my husband's affairs, dear madame? I have been told nothing."

The old woman looked at her sharply, and hesitated. "I think," she said, "that if they had thought that you were to be trusted they would have told you all about it."

The tears rushed to Blanche's eyes.

"I am to be trusted," she said, pleadingly.

"Well, then, I may as well tell you. At present, Camille is embarrassed for money. Don't start and turn so pale, my dear," she said, harshly. "Of course it is only a momentary embarrassment; but he has placed his whole fortune in this affair, and of course it demands time, much time even."

"But has he no partners? does no one share the outlay and the risk?" asked Blanche, with a little of the shrewdness of her commercial birth.

"No one—no one," said his mother, her voice growing shrill. "Every Saturday he pays his wages, two francs a-day per man, and a hundred men are working on the place now; and besides that, for the houses that are furnished there are the *ménagers*, the *vitriers*, the *tapisseries*. Oh! the money flows night and day; and every house on the place must be let well and for long before it can do more than even pay the interest of this fortune. And you," cried the old lady, harshly,—"you who might have helped him, have failed; and his very marriage has turned out a wasted opportunity: the poor boy has no chance!"

"What do you mean, madame?" cried Blanche, shocked beyond measure.

"I mean, of course, that when a man makes a marriage he expects to find something; not that his wife should bring him nothing, her hands empty."

"And I? have I nothing?" faltered Blanche.

"Nothing; actually not one *sou* till your good father's death. Bah! he is not five years older than Camille himself."

"And then?"

"Ah, then! but what will it avail—double, treble the *dot* then—when my Camille is a millionaire? It is now, now, now," she shrieked; "where money is going out on every hand and none coming in. *Va! va!* thou also art a failure, *ma bru*!"

Blanche burst into tears, and fled away in grief to her own room.

In the afternoon she timidly ventured downstairs again, terribly afraid of meeting Madame Berthe. The door of the kitchen was wide open, and she could not help hearing some of the conversation from within. Her mother-in-law was speaking.

"Yes, yes, Rosalie—a helpless fine lady. We will go on just as we did before; we must make our economies, thou and I, just as we did; and I will teach Madame Camille to put up with them too. Yes, yes; why should she not? she brings nothing to the *pot-au-feu*."

Blanche went boldly into the kitchen with a sudden impulse.

"I will make any economies you will," she said, sweetly; "anything to please you and to save money."

"Ah, bah!" said Madame Berthe, contemptuously. "Professions are all very well, but when it comes to actions—"

"You will not find me wanting," said Blanche, with gentle dignity; and she left the kitchen. Madame Berthe hurried after her, and, catching hold of her arm she said eagerly—

"But see! I see, *ma petite bru*! they say your father adores you. Write to him, tell him you want money; he will send it to you."

"I will; I will tell him how important it is just now for Monsieur—that it will be of such service."

"You must not! you shall not!"

"But what, then, am I to do?" cried Blanche, bewildered.

"Tell him you want it for yourself; tell him

you find that you must make great toilets here; that you want a piano; that—that—there, can you invent nothing?"

"No," said Blanche, quietly; "I can invent nothing. I must tell the truth, or I will not ask."

"But you will keep all our conversation secret? you are to be trusted. No, do not look offended; but if any one knew that Camille has begun to borrow for his week's wages, that would be the end of St. Didier."

"Of course, I will say nothing," and Blanche drew away her arm and went out of doors.

The grey fog was still over everything, a wet sea-fog, so that the water dripped off all the houses and saturated everything. In the distance Blanche caught sight of her husband with his collar turned up round his ears, and the perpetual cigar in his mouth. She went up to him; she forced herself to smile and speak gaily as she joined him.

"Will you show me the town now, Camille?" He was quite pleased. "Ah! you are like an Englishwoman," he said—"not afraid of the weather."

"I am generally," she said; "but not today, for I want so much to see St. Didier."

There was a square garden facing the sea surrounded by houses, and from each corner of this square ran two boulevards of detached villas, each with a tiny little garden running down to the cliff, from which a small flight of steps led to the beach. These houses were in all the varied stages of completion, but swarming with workmen. The newly planted trees were struggling into leaf. All round were the commencements of buildings. The English Church which had been so prominent a feature in the plans, was just one foot out of the ground. The Casino was completed, and was gorgeous. Young gardens and lawn-tennis, grounds were marked out and planted with baby-trees, all top-heavy with their large-leaved scanty foliage and dripping with the salt sea-fog.

"Are any of the houses taken yet?" asked Blanche timidly.

"Yes; that house is occupied by a very rich American lady, but, oh, so exacting—she has asked for so much, and I have given her all—everything," he cried, throwing out his hands. "It shall be said of me that no landlord ever was so amiable or gave so much." The house he pointed out was one of the largest in the place, and looked somewhat older than the others. A very magnificent lady was standing at the window. She beckoned to Monsieur Legros.

"I must go in," he said, discontentedly. "I am sure she wants something more from me."

The lady beckoned again, and Monsieur Legros went in. Blanche waited patiently till he reappeared on the steps of the house, accompanied by the lady.

"So that is Madame Camille?" cried the latter, in a strong foreign accent, and Blanche found her hand warmly clasped.

"Your husband is the best landlord I know, Madame," she went on. "I have had much experience, and have never met with a kinder one. He has just promised me a conservatory, but it shall be worth his while."

And all the time Monsieur Legros continued making obsequious bows; but when he walked on with his wife he ground his teeth.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE unfortunate Tunis war has made the Parisians perfectly mad upon Africa. Old pictures of Algerian battles and the portraits of Arab chiefs crowd the shops. The Kroumir has replaced the Turk, at whose battered features persons used to shy as many sticks as they had sous to waste.

THE Christian Brothers are allowed to travel on the French railways at half-price, on account of their alleged poverty. A petition has been presented to the Government, signed by some thousands of citizens, demanding to be accorded the same favour on account of their wretchedness. It is odd to encounter Carmelites and Capuchins travelling in the first class at the reduced fares.

AMONG eccentric visitors to Parisian libraries, a French paper mentions a monomaniac who frequented the Arsenal library for twenty years for the purpose of reading and re-reading "Paul and Virginia." He knew the tale by heart, and recited it on summer evenings as he paced to and fro in the Jardin des Plantes. When M. Victor Massé's opera was brought out at the Gaité, he was present in the theatre, but left before the end of the first act, exclaiming, "Your music spoils the whole thing!"

FOR quite a number of years a rich English lady residing at Rome presented herself regularly on Easter Monday at the audience given by the Pope on that traditional day, offering him her contribution to the Peter's pence in a package of bank notes to the amount of 15,000 lire, and in return receiving his Holiness' Apostolic blessing. Last Easter Monday the Pope could not receive the pious donor, and deferred her reception to the following day. The lady did not return to the Vatican, and vows she never will again.

WHEN the Prince of Wales arrived in Paris

on his way homeward from Vienna the journals, with their accustomed accuracy, announced that he came there in his little cigar-shaped steam yacht, effecting the voyage in eight hours. Shakespeare must then have been right after all, there must be some "seaport in Bohemia," whence our Prince embarked. But, as our French friends have supposed the Piræus to be a man, and the famous Venus to be the work of a Greek statuary named Milo, they may be held excused for this little geographical blunder.

IT is reported from Rome that a quarrel took place between an editor and a brave and well-known officer of the Italian army. A challenge was, of course, the result, and a duel. The whole press was in anxious expectation to know the result, and telegrams were awaited with impatience. At last the news is wired throughout the country, and such a noise is made about the matter that the authorities intervene. The duellists are charged to appear before the Bench to answer the accusation of criminal duelling. The Court was thronged with people, mostly women, as usual, but who certainly never expected to hear what they heard, namely, that the combatants' witnesses had loaded the pistols with "chocolate drops."

RECENT social scandals in Paris have revealed the existence of certain clandestine associations, which have improved black-mailing into a perfect trade. It has always been thought that establishments of this kind were only to be found in the feuilletons of Emile Gaboriau, Xavier de Montépin, and other prolific sensational novelists; but it now appears that ingenious individuals have chosen as a calling to discover and keep account of any dangerous or derogatory actions in the lives of well-known persons or those likely to become so, in the sole view of driving base bargains with the victims at some given period. It will be difficult for the police to reach these occult organizations, which flourish in mystery; but their effect has been clearly felt in some late painful cases, and any one in Paris conscious of a skeleton in the cupboard will live in dread that the secret black-mailers may have obtained the key of that receptacle, and will assail him with threats to throw it open to the world unless he purchases their silence at an onerous rate.

THERE is not a city in the world where opera-glasses are more extensively used than in Paris. The first thing that strikes a stranger visiting a French theatre is the perfect coolness with which the pit, hat on head, aims its glasses at the galleries, and how the galleries bravely respond. And not in the theatres only. No man can stare at you more audaciously than the *boulevardier*. In the House of Commons it is not considered "good form" to look at the representatives of the nation with an opera glass, and the practice is generally avoided. At the Palais Bourbon, in the Chamber of Deputies, the case is different. In the diplomatic gallery, and in all the galleries, you see a regular battery of opera-glasses turned towards M. Gambetta as he enters, or towards M. de Cassagnac as he speaks. No one objects. This habit of staring with the naked eye, or with the opera-glass, seems to have always been prevalent here. "Paris is full of those un pitying *lorgneurs* who post themselves before you and fix upon your person a firm and steady gaze." This is the testimony of old Mercier. This habit is no longer considered indecent, because it has become so common. Women do not take offence at it, provided they are looked at in the theatres and in their promenade. But if anyone were to eye them in such a manner in private company, the *lorgneur* would be taxed with insolence, and treated as impolite.

HUMOROUS.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—The cannibal who devoured his entertainer.

DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY.—When there is a storm in the nursery, the mother will castor oil on the waters in vain.

ON AN OLD MAID.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue.

A.—"My wife won't even hear of my going to the theatre with another lady!" B.—(slightly on the wrong tack)—"Won't, eh? Don't be too sure of that. I thought mine wouldn't, but she did, and there was the *d*—I to pay, I can tell you!"

SCENE.—Restaurant. Major: "Er-rah, waitah, I wish two chops; the one to be made ready befahw the othah. Do you heah?" Waiter: "Yes, sir. An' which chop will ye have first?"

THE DESIRE OF THE SONS OF MEN.—"What does *encore* mean?" asks a contemporary. It is only one phase of the universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it at once.

TO A WIDOWER: "Is it true that you are going to marry again?" "It's very true." "And whom do you marry?" "My dead wife's sister." "Is she handsome?" "No." "Rich?" "Not at all." "Then why have you chosen her?" "To tell you the truth, my dear friend, in order not to change mother-in-laws."

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AN OLD TIME MELODY.

THE DEAD CHILD AND THE MOCKING-BIRD.

[The following poem is in no sense a mere fancy. On the contrary, the strange, pathetic incident it commemorates actually occurred, not long ago, in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Florida.]

Once, in a land of balm and flowers,
Of rich fruit-laden trees,
Where the wild wreaths from jasmine bowers
Trail o'er Floridian seas,

We marked our Jeannie's footsteps run
Athwart the twinkling glade:
She seemed a Hebe in the sun,
A Dryad in the shade.

And all day long her winsome song,
Her trebles and soft trills,
Would wave-like flow, or silvery low
Die down the whispering rills.

One morn midstmost the foliage dim
A dark gray pinion stirs;
And hark! along the vine-clad limb
What strange voice blends with hers?

It blends with hers, which soon is stilled—
Braver the mock-bird's note
Than all the strains that ever filled
The queenliest human throat!

As Jeannie heard, she loved the bird,
And sought thenceforth to share
With her new favourite, dawn by dawn,
Her daintiest morning cheer.

But ah! a blight beyond our ken,
From some far feverous wild,
Brought that dark shadow feared of men
Across the fated child.

It chilled her drooping curls of brown,
It dimmed her violet eyes,
And like an awful cloud crept down
From vague, mysterious skies.

At last one day our Jeannie lay
All pulseless, pale, forlorn;
The sole sweet breath on lips of death
The fluttering breath of morn;

When just beyond the o'er-urained room
(How tender, yet how strong!)
Rose through the misty morning gloom
The mock-bird's sudden song.

Dear Christ! those notes of golden peal
Seem caught from heavenly spheres,
Yet through their marvellous cadence steal
Tones soft as chastened tears.

Is it an angel's voice that throbs
Within the brown bird's breast,
Whose rhythmic magic soars or sobs
Above our darling's rest?

The fancy passed—but came once more
When, stolen from Jeannie's bed,
That eve, along the porchway floor
I found our minstrel—dead!

The fire of that transcendent strain
His life-chords burned apart,
And, merged in sorrow's earthlier pain,
It broke the o'erladen heart.

Maiden and bird!—the self-same grave
Their wedded dust shall keep,
While the long low Floridian wave
Moans round their place of sleep.

PAUL H. HAYNE, in *Harper's*.

BERTHA.

III

AFTER THE DARKNESS COMETH THE DAWN.

The bright day is slowly fading. The sun is sinking to rest. Bertha sits dreamily gazing on its departing glory, thinking how grand are all things in nature, how beautiful is the world, and yet how sorrowful amid all its glory are the lives of its people. Only to make one little mistake, to turn away from the sunshine of right and truth, and forever and ever darkness covers the life that fell from right and stooped to wrong.

The child of the cottager with whom she lodged came bounding towards her, holding out a cluster of tiny white rosebuds. She took them gently from the little hand and taking the child in her arms thought of her own little babe that God had taken from her because she was not worthy the love of a little child, she who had been so untrue to her own womanhood.

Her little daughter would have been near the age of this chubby, laughing little miss who nestles in her arms. It falls asleep gathered to her bosom, and she hands it to the happy mother, and the thought comes over her that but for that one mistake, that one false step, her own life might have been filled with joy, when alas! it had held only sorrow. Her fair, girlish face still looks very young despite the shadows in it, and the sad, weary look in the once bright blue eyes. The golden hair retains its bright sheen.

The only change in the face is its settled, weary look of sadness that never lifts even for one hour.

Since the night on which they parted she has never looked upon the face of her husband. Alone she has been since her sin found her out. She left the Abbey where she had known such suffering and removed to London.

Then later she came to the quiet cottage away from the voice of the world and buried herself with her sorrow.

She lived on the small settlement left to herself and mother at her father's death. Sir Earls court had settled on her the half of his private fortune ere he left her forever, but it she felt she could not touch, and in the retired life she led she had sufficient for her few wants. She felt that she no longer held a right to either her husband's name or fortune, and passed by

the name of Mrs. Easton, her mother's maiden name.

Through her Sir Earls court had become a wanderer seeking for the rest that to the end he never found.

Broken-hearted he died abroad and the abbey never saw its master after that terrible night when he learned the truth.

The abbey passed to a distant cousin as he died without issue, and the world thought that the bereaved widow preferred remaining abroad. She had been supposed to join Sir Earls court when she left the abbey.

None but the family solicitor knew of the separation between husband and wife. Alone and in obscurity Bertha suffered the penalty of the wrong she had done.

There was one face she prayed that she might never in this life look upon. In that other life when they once more met he would understand it all as he could never here. That of Claude whom she had truly loved and even while loving, forsaken.

The memory of his bright, boyish face as it had looked into her own filled with such love and faith and hope, four long years ago, was ever before her. She could not bear to think that that bright light would vanish too when once again they met.

He had grown famous and wealthy. She hoped she had died out of his heart, that he had found rest in forgetfulness of her, and yet she felt he had not; that the memory of that bright and sorrowful past enchaind him still, and if so, she prayed that they might never look into each other's faces again, and read there the changes she had wrought. To see those eyes that had looked into her own filled then with such love and faith, darken with distrust and contempt, she felt would kill her. That they might never meet was the one cry now, the one cry.

She had hidden herself where none would ever find her, and he, in time, would forget her. She had passed out of his life so long ago, so long ago.

And she sat and thought of the two noble lives that had borne through their love for her such a burden of sorrow.

And she felt that no punishment could be too just for her great sin. In that other life God, not man, would judge her. The merciful Father who knew every thought of her bleeding heart would understand it all. She suffered in this life and her sufferings atoned for her sin. Rest would come after the strife, when the grave gave up its dead.

Alone, ever alone she and her sorrow lived; she would hardly know herself without it. It had dwelt with her so long it had become the greater part of herself.

No wife, no mother; all that had been hers had left her to dwell alone. No little gleeful voice to soothe the wild, ceaseless pain of the tired, aching heart, to fill the void and render life more bearable. Yet she felt 'twas better so, for the child were it with her would ask her of its father. And she even thanked her God that that little life would not suffer through her wrong.

She fastened the cluster of white rosebuds that the child had brought her on the bosom of her dress, and beneath their perfume drifted backward again to the hour of her parting with Claude. He had gathered a half-blown white rose and called it the emblem of her innocence, truth and purity. And lo! as she touched it, its leaves fell one by one. She had shuddered as she watched them, taking it as an omen of the darkness that would follow.

She had never touched a rose since that night. Yet now she placed the little cluster of tiny buds upon her bosom.

"No second path ah! no returning,
No second crossing that rivers flow."

"Ah no," she wailed, "ah no."

Night had fallen, and the stars came out, and the moon arose and shone brightly in upon her where she knelt amid its silence praying for strength to live the burden of her days.

Rest—she wondered would she ever know it. What atonement for her sin could in this life gain her peace?

"My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest, only rest."

As her voice died on the quiet of the night, loving arms were clasped about her, and again the bright blue eyes of Claude gazed lovingly, trustingly, entreatingly into her own.

The bright full moon shone down upon them, and Claude's sweet tones broke the awful stillness.

"In my arms you shall find it, Bertha darling, the old rest and joy. Beneath my love must fade even the memory of all your sorrow."

"Claude you forgive me; you—"

"Forgive you darling, I have nothing to forgive. I who loved you understood it all. You sacrificed yourself to a sense of duty. I thought only through the weary past of your sufferings. I had freedom, the right to cherish the memory of our love. You fettered me not even that joy. That memory urged me on; I tried to be something, because you had loved me. I felt that in the days to come you might need a friend, and the hope that I might yet be able to serve you sustained me, and work, work was my salvation. The cherished past still abode with me. There were none to strike its memories from me, no fetters bound me, or made it sin to dwell upon my life's great passion."

"'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive."

"Never darling has one hard thought of you dwelt in my heart. I have stood apart while your fetters held you bound so that your strength should sustain you. I would not come before you until now when you are free. Yet I watched over you from afar; this was my blessed privilege. I fancied it all easier for you to bear without my presence to bring back to you the memories of our past, for I knew your heart was ever mine, and my duty to you was to help you to forget. But now—now when to none you owe a duty I come to ask you to uplift the sorrow from my life, and give me back the lost joy. There are long years left to us in which to regain more than the past happiness. Look up darling, and repeat again those words of promise you gave me when four years ago we parted."

"True to you in heart shall I ever be."

And this hour that she had dreaded had come at last and it was the happiest hour her life had ever known. Out of the darkness he had led her, and she stood beneath the light of his love bathed in its glory. The third eventful evening in her life had closed. She had passed from her darkness into the light. The new morn would dawn with greater brightness for the storm, and her childhood came back to her with the perfume from the crushed roses.

THE END.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Wesleyans must be awfully rich—they deserve the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a squeeze. Within a very short time, we are told, they have succeeded in raising nearly £300,000 for what they call their Thanksgiving Fund. Anybody who can raise such a sum may indeed be thankful.

THE death of a judge on the morrow of his appointment is not absolutely without precedent, but no other instance than that of the melancholy case of Charles Yorke, who accepted the Great Seal one evening and died three days afterwards without ever taking his seat in Court, can be cited as at all similar to that of Sir Henry Jackson; and the parallel fails in this, that Sir Henry's death was natural, while that of Yorke, there is too much reason to believe, was self-inflicted.

THE terms of peace offered to the Boers give them autonomy, freedom in regard to taxation, and monopoly of local institutions founded by themselves—in fact, all the privileges enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada, but it is prescribed, as in the case of Canada, that the Transvaal should be under the sovereignty of the British Crown. To this stipulation, it is believed in Ministerial circles, the Boers will not assent. In that case very serious complications are likely to arise within the Cabinet as to the policy of enforcing British ascendancy upon the colony.

It must be confessed that the building of a stable for twenty horses on the top of a private mansion, access to which is obtained by means of a lift, is calculated to awaken a feeling of astonishment even in these days of marvels. Yet this is the case of a house just erected in Belgrave square by Mr. Sassoon. Ground is, of course, very valuable in Belgrave square, and by relegating the horses to the top of the house two birds are killed with one stone, for space is saved and the smell of the stables avoided. The horses do not seem by any means to object to the mode of ascent; possibly they are unconscious of it, on account of the closed shutters of the lift. This is by no means the first occasion of the experiment of giving horses a mount to the sky-parlour for their stables.

SOME hyper-critic may possibly discover in the *Times* Parliamentary report, the vulgar misuse of the word "lay." The mistake is a telephonic one. A great portion of the *Times* report is now transmitted from Westminster to Printing House Square by telephone, and it has been found by experience that the telephone introduces far greater possibilities of error than the telegraph. The danger is threefold. There is in the first place, the danger arising from the faulty pronunciation on the part of the transmitting clerk; secondly, that of imperfect hearing on the part of the operator at the type-setting machine; and lastly that of the ignorant use of words on the part of one or other of these persons. As an example of the effects of imperfect hearing, the words *chef d'œuvre* were reproduced the other day as "car-drivers," but were, fortunately, set right in time.

It does not seem to be known what really passed when O'Connell used the coarse expression which Mr. Finnigan, in a more refined age, thought it clever to reproduce. No sooner had the Liberator used the expression "Beastly bellowing," than a cry of "Order" came from all parts of the house. O'Connell asked what was objected to. The adjective was indicated by an almost unanimous shout. "Very well," said O'Connell, "I withdraw the adjective; but, in doing so, I hope I shall be permitted to remark that I know of no 'bellowing' which is not beastly." Whereon, of course, the House laughed at the clever turn its eloquent tormentor had given to the objection. It forgave him his coarseness for his wit. His successors have all his coarseness and more, but none of his wit.

MISQUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* to Italy. Compare Isaiah xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the burial service; and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the spirit would go from heart to heart, a soil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii. 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads: "Shall a nation be born at once!" lvi. 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii. 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth." Heb. ii. 2.

"Owe no man anything but to love." "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." Rom. xiii. 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," Job. v. 7.

"Exalted in heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's helpmate, but a help meet for him. Nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree." 2 Sam. xviii. 9.

VARIETIES.

APPROPOS of the Irish Jury System, we have been reminded of the anecdote of a once well-known Irish law officer of the Crown, now on the Bench. "I saw the jurors," he said, "loafing about the Court, and I told them to get into the box, when, out of sheer force of habit, they got—into the dock."

A YANKEE last week lost himself at Oxford amid the network of the colleges. He wanted to find a student friend, and was compelled at last to ask his way. On being put in the right track, he said, "Thanks, stranger; I reckoned Oxford was one place, when I came down first, but I find it's thirty."

A CHARMING and coquettish woman deserts her husband's roof. "What grieves me most," he says to a friend, "is that I cannot understand why she should have flown, whether for this reason, or that, or the other." "Oh," says his friend, "make your mind easy, she has left you for the other."

BODY-SNATCHING in the States has increased (so they say) to such an alarming extent that several expedients are tried to ensure the sanctity of the dead. One gentleman whose daughter had died placed dynamite in such a manner that the disturbing of the coffin would explode it. It did explode, and blew one of the body-snatchers into atoms and fatally injured another.

A GENTLEMAN in the New York Swamp met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said: "I'm a little short and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," observed the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Belfast Theatre Royal was burned to the ground on the 8th inst.

NILSSON had sufficiently recovered from her illness to appear at the recent State concert in London.

VIEUXTEMPS, *le roi de violon*, as his admirers delighted to call him, has gone to his rest.

LAST week Madame Gerster-Gardini held a reception at the Everett House, New York, prior to taking her departure for Europe, which she did next day.

MISS Gertrude M. Griswold, of New York, has made a successful début in the rôle of *Ophélie*, in "Hamlet," at the Paris Grand Opera.

SARAH BERNHARDT is again the lioness of Paris. Alexandre Dumas, Jr., went to Havre to see her disembark, and, on shaking hands, exclaimed: "This is a return from the other world!"

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A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT.

A Portuguese bull-fight is a very different affair from the disgusting and brutal national sport of Spain. The Portuguese are a humane people; and though the spectacle was originally conducted in Spanish style, it was not long popular, and now neither bulls nor horses are killed, and the bull-fighters run very little risk, as cylinders ending in wooden knobs cover the animal's horns, and it can only inflict a knock-down blow, instead of piercing and tearing. The honour of this reform is due to Pombal, who interceded with King Joseph I., and induced him to discontinue the sport in the murderous Spanish style on the occasion of the death of the Count d'Arcos in an amateur bull-fight. It is related that when the father of the young count, the aged Marquis Mirialva, Grand Chamberlain of the King, saw his son fall, he threw himself into the arena and killed the bull with his dress sword; and that Pombal remarked to the king that the life of a bull was not, after all, a fair equivalent for that of the Count d'Arcos. Pombal's administration was sowed thick with reforms, which have blossomed since, though received coldly at the time. The limiting the power of the Inquisition, the abolition of slavery and the expulsion of the Jesuits are all due to Pombal. Few ministers can show a more energetic record than this. To an amateur of the combats of the Spanish aceldama the Portuguese exhibition must seem remarkably tame and insipid, while looked at from a rational, common-sense stand-point, they are indeed "singular exhibitions of imbecility on the part of all concerned." But the Lisbonese revel in the sport; the risks are still sufficiently exciting to stir the blood, and the display, especially if the performance is an amateur one, and the young men taking part belong to the nobility, is very brilliant. Then the arena is handsomely decorated, the costumes of the performers are of velvet and satin, the horses are the finest in the kingdom, and the feats of horsemanship displayed rival those of the circus. Royalty honours the scene by attendance, and the beauty and fashion of Lisbon shine in full opera dress in the upper boxes, their white elbows resting on richly-embroidered silk shawls which drape the front of the boxes in graceful folds. The companionship of prize-fighters, and pugilistic skill of this description, are not considered unworthy the most elegant and accomplished Portuguese noble. The Princess Rattazzi, in her recently published and greatly censured *Portugal à Vol d'Oiseau*, speaks of the Marquis of Castel Melhor, the last descendant of an ancient family, and after praising his refinement and cultivation, remarks: "In the bull-fights organized by amateurs he shone in the first rank as horseman, and inserted the *farpas* with an art and a dexterity which awakened frantic applause, and secured him great popularity. This circumstance added to the regrets caused by his death. It was not only a loss to elegant society, but it was felt by the people themselves."—LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, in *Harper's*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No 320.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Your solution of Problem 329 is correct. There must be two solutions to this Problem.

Owing to the pleasures to be derived from fine weather and green fields, at this season of the year, chess matters are languishing, and the club room is almost deserted. The chess enthusiast, however, will still, under any circumstances, long for the excitement of his favourite recreation, and "chess on the lawn" will be eagerly sought for, wherever it is possible to obtain it. We almost envy the chessplayer who, while enjoying the pleasure of leaving the hot and dusty city, is able to find a foeman worthy of his steel either on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence, or on the shores of one of the beautiful lakes which are found by hundreds in different parts of Canada. If, however, an antagonist cannot be found, there is plenty of chess literature in the shape of magazines, devoted partly, if not wholly, to the game, which will enable an amateur to keep himself posted in current chess news, or should he prefer it, to improve his skill by playing over the contests which have exercised the powers of the great professionals of the day; and the lovers of problems will be sure to have a ready supply of brilliant positions at hand, which will serve the double purpose of amusement and profitable study.

The contest between Zukertort and Blackburne will now be the great excitement in the chess world for some time, and all who have any knowledge of the careers of these two chess giants will feel great interest in the struggle. Zukertort is, no doubt, considered to have much of the past in his favour, but in chess matches the result is very often what was little expected. We are sorry that one condition of the match is of a nature to make it very objectionable to those who look upon chess as a purely scientific recreation.

The chess editor of *Design and Work* is at it again and we are afraid our article—Chess and the Fair Sex—is in a measure answerable for his mild flirtations. He states that a young lady lately informed him that "there are no chess players who are young, and nice, and handsome." We imagine she is not a frequenter of the Divan, nor is she acquainted with the chess professionals of this great city, or she would hardly make so libellous a statement. —*Chessplayer's Chronicle*.

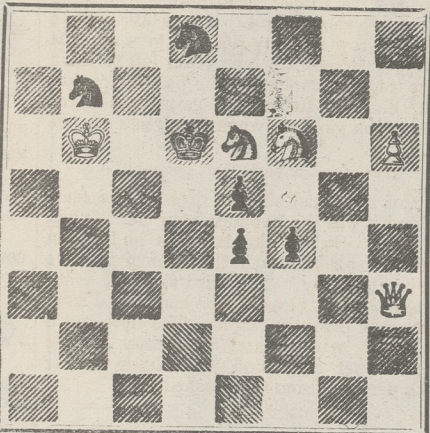
The programme of the second French National Tourney is published in *La Revue des Jeux*. It will begin on the 6th of November, and none but Frenchmen born or three years residents of France, can enter. The prizes are objects of art of the value of 2,000 francs,

given by M. Grévy, President of the French Republic. Mr. Rosenthal will not enter.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

Captain Mackenzie has won 17 games, lost one and drawn 1, in his match with the St. Louis amateurs

PROBLEM No. 333

By W. F. Payne.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 460TH.

THE CHESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS.

(From the *Globe-Democrat*.)

Thirteenth game in the match between Messrs. Judd and Mackenzie.

(Ruy Lopez Knight's Game.)

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| White.—(Mr. Judd.) | Black.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5 | 3. P to Q R 3 |
| 4. B to Q R 4 | 4. Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3 (a) | 5. B to Q B 4 |
| 6. P to Q 3 | 6. P to Q 3 |
| 7. Castles | 7. P to Q Kt 4 |
| 8. B to Q Kt 3 | 8. B to K Kt 5 |
| 9. Q Kt to K 2 | 9. Kt to Q R 4 |
| 10. Kt to K Kt 3 | 10. Kt takes B |
| 11. R P takes Kt | 11. Kt to K R 4 |
| 12. Kt takes Kt | 12. B takes Kt |
| 13. P to K R 3 | 13. P to Q B 3 |
| 14. B to K 3 | 14. B to Q Kt 3 |
| 15. B takes B | 15. Q takes B |
| 16. P to K Kt 4 | 16. B to K Kt 3 |
| 17. Kt to K R 4 | 17. Q to Q |
| 18. Kt takes B | 18. R P takes Kt |
| 19. K to Kt 2 | 19. Q to K Kt 4 |
| 20. Q to Q | 20. Q to K R 5 (b) |
| 21. Q to K 3 | 21. P to K Kt 4 (c) |
| 22. P to Q Kt 4 (d) | 22. Q to K R 3 |
| 23. R to K R (e) | 23. K to Q 2 |
| 24. R to Q R 5 | 24. K to B 2 |
| 25. P to Q Kt 3 | 25. Q to K B 3 |
| 26. K R to Q R | 26. K to Q Kt 2 |
| 27. P to Q B 3 | 27. Q to K B 5 |
| 28. Q R to Q R 2 | 28. P to K B 3 |
| 29. Q takes Q | 29. Kt P takes Q |
| 30. P to Q B 4 | 30. K to Q Kt 3 |
| 31. R to Q B 2 | 31. P to Q B 4 |
| 32. P takes Kt P | 32. K takes P |
| 33. Kt P takes P | 33. K R to Q R |
| 34. P to Q B 6 (f) | 34. R takes P |
| 35. R takes R | 35. K takes R |
| 36. P to K R 4 | 36. K to Kt 4 |
| 37. K to B 3 | 37. K to Kt 5 |
| 38. R to Q Kt | 38. R to Q B |
| 39. P to K Kt 5 | 39. P takes P |
| 40. P to K R 5 | 40. R to Q B 7 |
| 41. K to K Kt 5 | 41. R takes K B P |
| 42. K takes Kt P | 42. R to K Kt 7 (ch) |
| 43. K to K B 5 | 43. K to Q B 6 |
| 44. P to Q Kt 4 | 44. P to K B 6 |
| 45. R to K B | 45. P to K B 7 |

And wins.

NOTES.

- (a) A very popular opening with the players in the Paris Tournament of 1878.
(b) Better, probably, to have exchanged queens, though in that case the game would have assumed a very "drawish" appearance.
(c) P to K B 4 followed by R to K R 4 should White take the Pawn twice, is much to be preferred to the text move, which seriously hampers the action of the Black Queen.
(d) Mr. Judd ought to have played R to Q R 5, in which case it is impossible for Black to have saved the Q R P.
(e) Intending Q to Q Kt 6, but R to R 5 was still the coup just.
(f) P to Q Kt 4 gives White a very good chance of drawing, ex. gr.:
34. P to Q Kt 4 Q P takes P
35. R to Q B 3 K takes P
36. R to Q Kt (ch) K to R 6
37. R B 2, Kt 2 And draws at least.
A better move for Black, however, is 34, P to Q R 4.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 331.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1. B to B 4 | 1. P to Q 3 |
| 2. R to Q R 3 | 2. Any |
| 3. B or Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 329

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to K 8 | 1. K takes B |
| 2. Kt Mates | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 330.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| K to Q sq | K at Q 4 |
| Q at Q 2 | Kt at K 2 |
| R at K 8 | Kt at Q B 2 |
| R at Q B 8 | Pawns at Q 3 |
| Pawns at K B 3 | And Q 5 |
| K Kt 4, Q Kt 3 | |
| And Q R 4 | |

White to play and mate in two moves.

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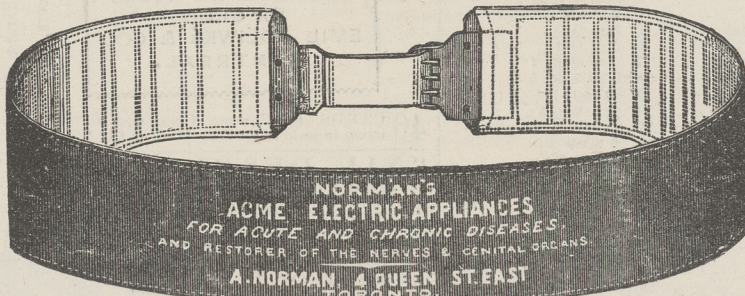
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PEKIN.—ENGLISH WEDDING IN CHINESE DRESS.—(SEE PAGE 387.)

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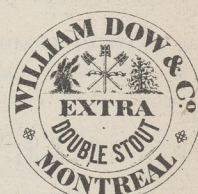
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